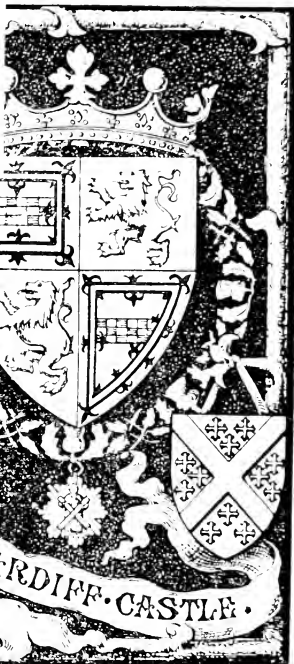
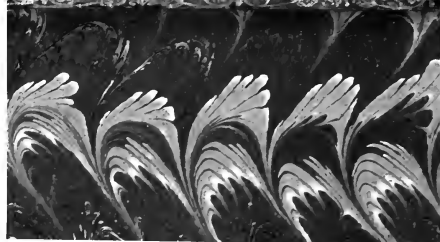


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GUY FAWKES;

OR,

THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

AUTHOR OF THE "TOWER OF LONDON," ETC.

"You shall swear by the blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret; nor desist from the execution thereof till the rest shall give you leave."

Oath of the Conspirators

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1841.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

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GUY FAWKES.

Book the First.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH AT MANCHESTER.

BIDDING Kelley remain with Guy Fawkes, Doctor Dee signified to Viviana that he had a few words to say to her in private before his departure, and leading the way to an adjoining room, informed her that he was aware of her desire to have her father's remains interred in the Collegiate Church, and that, so far from opposing her inclinations, he would willingly accede to them, only recommending as a measure of prudence that the ceremonial should be performed at night, and with as much secrecy as possible. Viviana thanked him in a voice of much emotion for his kindness, and entirely acquiesced in his suggestion of caution. At the same time, she could not help expressing her surprise that her thoughts

should be known to him. "Though, indeed," she added, "after the wonderful exhibition I have just witnessed of your power, I can scarcely suppose that any limits are to be placed to it."

"Few things are hidden from me," replied Dee, with a gratified smile; "even the lighter matters of the heart, in which I might be supposed to take little interest, do not altogether elude my observation. In reference to this, you will not, I am sure, be offended with me, Viviana, if I tell you I have noticed with some concern the attachment that has arisen between you and Humphrey Chetham."

Viviana uttered an exclamation of surprise, and a deep blush suffused her pallid cheeks.

"I am assuming the privilege of an old man with you, Viviana," continued Dee, in a graver tone, "and I may add, of an old friend,—for your lamented mother was one of my dearest and best friends, as you perchance called to mind, when you sent me to-day, by Mr. Catesby, the token I gave her years ago. You have done unwisely in inviting Humphrey Chetham to come hither to-night."

“How so?” she faltered.

“Because, if he keeps his appointment, fatal consequences may ensue,” answered Dee. “Your message has reached the ears of one from whom,—most of all,—you should have concealed it.”

“Mr. Catesby has heard of it, I know,” replied Viviana. “But you do not apprehend any danger from him?”

“He is Chetham’s mortal foe,” rejoined Dee, “and will slay him, if he finds an opportunity.”

“You alarm me,” she cried. “I will speak to Mr. Catesby on the subject, and entreat him, as he values my regard, to offer no molestation to his fancied rival.”

“*Fancied* rival!” echoed Dee, raising his brows contemptuously. “Do you seek to persuade me that you do not love Humphrey Chetham?”

“Assuredly not,” replied Viviana. “I freely acknowledge my attachment to him. It is as strong as my aversion to Mr. Catesby. But the latter is aware that the suit of his rival is as hopeless as his own.”

“Explain yourself, I pray you?” said Dee.

“My destiny is the cloister,—and this he well knows,” she rejoined. “As soon as my worldly affairs can be arranged, I shall retire to the English nunnery at Brussels, where I shall vow myself to Heaven.”

“Such is your present intention,” replied Dee. “But you will never quit your own country.”

“What shall hinder me?” asked Viviana, uneasily.

“Many things,” returned Dee. “Amongst others, this meeting with your lover.”

“Call him not by that name, I beseech you, reverend sir,” she rejoined. “Humphrey Chetham will never be other to me than a friend.”

“It may be,” answered Dee. “But your destiny is *not* the cloister.”

“For what am I reserved, then?” demanded Viviana, trembling.

“All I dare tell you,” he returned, “all it is needful for you to know, is, that your future career is mixed up with that of Guy Fawkes. But do not concern yourself about what is to come. The present is sufficient to claim your attention.”

“ True,” replied Viviana ; “ and my first object shall be to despatch a messenger to Humphrey Chetham to prevent him from coming hither.”

“ Trouble yourself no further on that score,” returned Dee. “ I will convey the message to him. As regards the funeral, it must take place without delay. I will be at the south porch of the church with the keys at midnight, and Robert Burnell, the sexton, and another assistant on whom I can depend, shall be in attendance. Though it is contrary to my religious opinions and feelings to allow a Romish priest to perform the service, I will not interfere with Father Garnet. I owe your mother a deep debt of gratitude, and will pay it to her husband and her child.”

“ Thanks !—in *her* name, thanks !” cried Viviana, in a voice suffocated by emotion.

“ And now,” continued Dee, “ I would ask you one further question. My art has made me acquainted that a plot is hatching against the King and his Government by certain of the Catholic party. Are you favourable to the design ?”

"I am not," replied Viviana, firmly. "Nor can you regard it with more horror than myself."

"I was sure of it," returned Dee. "Nevertheless, I am glad to have my supposition confirmed from your own mouth."

With this, he moved towards the door, but Viviana arrested his departure.

"Stay, reverend sir," she cried, with a look of great uneasiness; "if you are in possession of this dread secret, the lives of my companions are in your power. You will not betray them. Or, if you deem it your duty to reveal the plot to those endangered by it, you will give its contrivers timely warning."

"Fear nothing," rejoined Dee. "I cannot, were I so disposed, interfere with the fixed purposes of fate. The things revealed by my familiar spirits never pass my lips. They are more sacred than the disclosures made to a priest of your faith at the confessional. The bloody enterprise on which these zealots are bent will fail. I have warned Fawkes; but my warning, though conveyed by the lips of the dead, and by other means equally terrible, was unavailing. I would

warn Catesby and Garnet, but they would heed me not. Viviana Radcliffe," he continued, in a solemn voice, "you questioned me just now about the future. Have you courage to make the same demand from your dead father? If so, I will compel his corpse to answer you."

"Oh ! no—no," cried Viviana, horror-stricken ; "not for worlds would I commit so impious an act. Gladly as I would know what fate has in store for me, nothing should induce me to purchase the knowledge at so dreadful a price."

"Farewell then," rejoined Dee. "At midnight, at the south porch of the Collegiate Church, I shall expect you."

So saying, he took his departure ; and, on entering the gallery, he perceived Catesby hastily retreating.

"Aha !" he muttered. "We have had a listener here. Well, no matter. What he has heard may prove serviceable to him."

He then returned to the chamber occupied by Guy Fawkes, and finding he had dropped into a deep and tranquil sleep, motioned Kelley, who was standing by the bedside watching his slum-

bers with folded arms, to follow him, and bowing gravely to Garnet quitted the hall.

As he crossed the court, on his way to the drawbridge, Catesby suddenly threw himself in his path, and laying his hand upon his sword cried in a menacing voice, — “ Doctor Dee, neither you nor your companion shall quit the hall till you have solemnly sworn not to divulge aught pertaining to the plot, of which you have so mysteriously obtained information.”

“ Is this my recompense for rescuing your comrade from the jaws of death, sir ?” replied Dee, sternly.

“ The necessity of the case must plead its excuse,” rejoined Catesby. “ My own safety, and the safety of those leagued with me, require that I should be peremptory in my demand. Did I not owe you a large debt of gratitude for your resuscitation of Guy Fawkes, I would have insured your secrecy with your life. As it is, I will be content with your oath.”

“ Fool !” exclaimed Dee, “ stand aside, or I will compel you to do so.”

“ Think not to terrify me by idle threats,”

returned Catesby. “ I willingly acknowledge your superior skill, — as, indeed, I have good reason to do, — in the science of medicine ; but I have no faith in your magical tricks. A little reflection has shown me how the knowledge I at first thought so wonderful was acquired. You obtained it by means of Martin Heydocke, who, mounted on a swift steed, reached the College before me. He told you of the object of my visit,—of Viviana’s wish to have her father interred in the Collegiate Church,—of her message to Humphrey Chetham. You were, therefore, fully prepared for my arrival, and at first, I must confess, completely imposed upon me. Nay, had I not overheard your conversation just now with Viviana, I might have remained your dupe still. But your allusion to Chetham’s visit awakened my suspicions, and, on re-considering the matter, the whole trick flashed upon me.”

“ What more ? ” demanded Dee, his brow lowering, and his eyes sparkling with rage.

“ Thus much,” returned Catesby. “ I have your secret, and you have mine. And though the latter is the more important, inasmuch as several

lives hang upon it, whereas a conjuror's worthless reputation is alone dependent on the other, yet both must be kept. Swear, then, not to reveal the plot, and in my turn I will take any oath you choose to dictate not to disclose the jugglery I have detected."

"I will make no terms with you," returned Dee; "and if I do not reveal your damnable plot, it is not from consideration of you or your associates, but because the hour for its disclosure is not yet arrived. When full proof of your guilt can be obtained, then rest assured it will be made known,—though not by me. Not one of your number shall escape — not one."

Catesby again laid his hand upon his sword, and seemed from his looks to be meditating the destruction of the Doctor and his assistant. But they appeared wholly unconcerned at his glances.

"What you have said concerning Martin Heydocke is false — as false as your own foul and bloody scheme," pursued Dee. "I have neither seen, nor spoken with him."

"But your assistant, Edward Kelley, has,"

retorted Catesby, "and that amounts to the same thing."

"For the third and last time I command you to stand aside," cried Dee, in a tone of concentrated anger.

Catesby laughed aloud.

"What if I refuse?" he said, in a jeering voice.

Doctor Dee made no answer; but, suddenly drawing a small phial from beneath his robe, cast its contents in his opponent's face. Blinded by the spirit, Catesby raised his hand to his eyes, and while in this condition a thick cloth was thrown over his head from behind, and, despite his resistance, he was borne off, and bound with a strong cord to an adjoining tree.

Half an hour elapsed, during which he exhausted his fury in vain outcries for assistance, and execrations and menaces against Dee and his companion. At the expiration of that time, hearing steps approaching, he called loudly to be released, and was answered by the voice of Martin Heydocke.

“What ! is it your worship I behold ?” cried Martin, in a tone of affected commiseration. “Mercy on us ! what has happened ? Have the rascally searchers been here again ?”

“Hold your peace, knave, and unbind me,” rejoined Catesby, angrily. “I shrewdly suspect,” he added, as his commands were obeyed, and the cord twined around his arms unfastened, and the cloth removed,—“I shrewdly suspect,” he said, fixing a stern glance upon Martin, which effectually banished the smile from his demure countenance, “that you have had some share in this business.”

“What I, your worship ?” exclaimed Martin. “Not the slightest, I assure you. It was by mere chance I came this way, and, perceiving some one tied to a tree, was about to take to my heels, when, fancying I recognised your worship’s well-formed legs, I ventured forward.”

“You shall become more intimately acquainted with my worship’s boots, rascal, if I find my suspicions correct,” rejoined Catesby. “Have you the effrontery to tell me you have never seen this rope and this cloth before ?”

“ Certes, I have, your worship,” replied Martin. “ May the first hang me, and the last serve as my winding-sheet, if I speak not the truth ! Ah, now I look again,” he added, pretending to examine them, “ it must be a horse-cloth and halter from the stable. Peradventure, I *have* seen them.”

“ That I will be sworn you have, and used them too,” rejoined Catesby. “ I am half inclined to tie you to the tree in my place. But where is your employer ?—where is Doctor Dee ? ”

“ Doctor Dee is *not* my employer,” answered Martin, “ neither do I serve him. Mr. Humphrey Chetham, as I have already told your worship, is my master. As to the Doctor, he left the hall some time since. Father Garnet thought you had accompanied him on the road. I have seen nothing of him. Of a truth I have not.”

Catesby reflected a moment, and then strode towards the hall, while Martin, with a secret smile, picked up the halter and cloth, and withdrew to the stable.

Repairing to the chamber of the wounded man, Catesby found Garnet seated by his couch, and

related what had occurred. The Jesuit listened with profound attention to the recital, and on its conclusion observed,—

“I am sorry you have offended Doctor Dee, my son. He might have proved a good friend. As it is, you have made him a dangerous enemy.”

“He was not to be trusted, father,” returned Catesby. “But if you have any fears of him, or Kelley, I will speedily set them at rest.”

“No violence, my son,” rejoined Garnet. “You will only increase the mischief you have already occasioned. I do not think Dee will betray us. But additional circumspection will be requisite. Tarry here while I confer with Viviana on this subject. She has apparently some secret influence with the Doctor, and may be prevailed upon to exert it in our behalf.”

It was long before Garnet returned. When he reappeared, his looks convinced Catesby that the interview had not proved satisfactory.

“Your imprudence has placed us in a perilous position, my son,” he observed. “Viviana refuses to speak to Doctor Dee on the subject, and strongly reprobates your conduct.”

Catesby's brow lowered.

"There is but one course to pursue," he muttered, rising; "our lives or his must be sacrificed. I will act at once."

"Hold!" exclaimed Garnet, authoritatively. "Wait till to-morrow; and, if aught occurs in the interim to confirm your suspicions, do as you think proper. I will not oppose you."

"If I forbear so long," returned Catesby, "it will not be safe to remain here."

"I will risk it," said Garnet, "and I counsel you to do the same. You will not leave Viviana at this strait."

"I have no such thoughts," replied Catesby. "If I go, she goes too."

"Then it will be in vain, I am sure, to endeavour to induce her to accompany you till her father is interred," observed Garnet.

"True," replied Catesby; "I had forgotten that. We shall meet the hoary juggler at the church, and an opportunity may occur for executing my purpose there. Unless he will swear at the altar not to betray us, he shall die by my hand."

“An oath in such a case would be no security, my son,” returned Garnet; “and his slaughter and that of his companion would be equally inefficacious, and greatly prejudicial to our cause. If he means to betray us, he has done so already. But I have little apprehension. I do not think him well affected towards the government, and I cannot but think, if you had not thus grossly insulted him, he would have favoured rather than opposed our design. If he was aware of the plot, and adverse to it, what need was there to exert his skill in behalf of our dying friend, who, but for him, would have been, ere this, a lump of lifeless clay? No, no, my son. You are far too hasty in your judgment. Nor am I less surprised at your injustice. Overlooking the great benefit conferred upon us, because some trifling scheme has been thwarted, you would requite our benefactor by cutting his throat.”

“Your rebuke is just, father,” returned Catesby. “I have acted heedlessly. But I will endeavour to repair my error.”

“Enough, my son,” replied Garnet. “It will be advisable to go well armed to the church

to-night, for fear of a surprise. But I shall not absent myself on that account."

"Nor I," rejoined Catesby.

The conversation was then carried on, on other topics, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Viviana, who came to consult them about the funeral. It was arranged—since better could not be found—that the vehicle used to bring thither the body of the unfortunate knight should transport it to its last home. No persuasions of Garnet could induce Viviana to relinquish the idea of attending the ceremony; and Catesby, though he affected the contrary, secretly rejoiced at her determination.

Night came, and all was in readiness. Viviana to the last indulged a hope that Humphrey Chetham would arrive in time to attend the funeral with her; but, as he did not appear, she concluded he had received Doctor Dee's warning. Martin Heydocke was left in charge of Guy Fawkes, who still continued to slumber deeply, and, when within half an hour of the appointed time, the train set out.

They were all well mounted, and proceeded at

a slow pace along the lane skirting the west bank of the Irwell. The night was profoundly dark ; and, as it was not deemed prudent to carry torches, some care was requisite to keep in the right road. Catesby rode first, and was followed by Garnet and Viviana, after whom came the little vehicle containing the body. The rear was brought up by three of the servants sent by Sir Everard Digby ; a fourth acting as driver of the sorry substitute for a hearse. Not a word was uttered by any of the party. In this stealthy manner was the once-powerful and wealthy Sir William Radcliffe, the owner of the whole district through which they were passing, conveyed to the burial-place of his ancestors !

In shorter time than they had allowed themselves for the journey, the melancholy cavalcade reached Salford Bridge, and crossing it at a quick pace, as had been previously arranged by Catesby, arrived without molestation or notice (for no one was abroad in the town at that hour,) at the southern gate of the Collegiate Church, where, it may be remembered, Guy Fawkes had witnessed the execution of the two seminary priests, and on

the spikes of which their heads and dismembered bodies were now fixed. An old man here presented himself, and, unlocking the gate, informed them he was Robert Burnell, the sexton. The shell was then taken out, and borne on the shoulders of the servants towards the church, Burnell leading the way. Garnet followed; and as soon as Catesby had committed the horses to the care of the driver of the carriage, he tendered his arm to Viviana, who could scarcely have reached the sacred structure unsupported.

Doctor Dee met them at the church porch, as he had appointed, and, as soon as they had passed through it, the door was locked. Addressing a few words in an under tone to Viviana, but not deigning to notice either of her companions, Dee directed the bearers of the body to follow him, and proceeded towards the choir.

The interior of the reverend and beautiful fane was buried in profound gloom, and the feeble light diffused by the sexton's lantern only made the darkness more palpable. On entering the broad and noble nave nothing could be seen of its clustered pillars, or of the exquisite pointed

arches, enriched with cinquefoil and quatrefoil, inclosing blank shields, which they supported. Neither could its sculptured cornice; its clerestory windows; its upper range of columns supporting demi-angels, playing on musical instruments; its moulded roof crossed by transverse beams, enriched in the interstices with sculptured ornaments, be distinguished. Most of these architectural glories were invisible; but the very gloom in which they were shrouded was imposing. As the dim light fell upon pillar after pillar as they passed, revealing their mouldings, piercing a few feet into the side aisles, and falling upon the grotesque heads, the embattled ornaments and grotesque tracery of the arches, the effect was inexpressibly striking.

Nor were the personages inappropriate to the sombre scene. The reverend figure of Dee, with his loose flowing robe and long white beard; the priestly garb and grave aspect of Garnet; the soldier-like bearing of Catesby, his armed heel, and rapier-point clanking upon the pavement; the drooping figure of Viviana, whose features were buried in her kerchief, and whose

sobs were distinctly audible; the strangely-fashioned coffin, and the attendants by whom it was borne;—all constituted a singular and, at the same time, deeply-interesting picture.

Approaching the magnificent screen terminating the nave, they passed through an arched gateway within it, and entered the choir. The west-end of this part of the church was assigned as the burial-place of the ancient and honourable family, the head of which was about to be deposited within it, and was designated from the circumstance, the “Radcliffe chancel.” A long slab of grey marble, in which a brass plate, displaying the armorial bearings of the Radcliffes, was inserted, had been removed, and the earth thrown out of the cavity beneath it. Kelley, who had assisted in making the excavation, was standing beside it, leaning on a spade, with a lantern at his feet. He drew aside as the funeral train approached, and the shell was deposited at the edge of the grave.

Picturesque and striking as was the scene in the nave, it fell far short of that now exhibited. The choir of the Collegiate Church at Manchester

may challenge comparison with any similar structure. Its thirty elaborately-carved stalls, covered with canopies of the richest tabernacle work, surmounted by niches, mouldings, pinnacles, and perforated tracery, and crowned with a richly sculptured cornice; its side aisles, with their pillars and arches; its moulded ceiling rich in the most delicate and fairy tracery; its gorgeous altar-screen of carved oak; and its magnificent eastern window, then filled with stained glass, form a *coup d'œil* of almost unequalled splendour and beauty. Few of these marvels could now be seen. But such points of the pinnacles and hanging canopies of the stalls, of the façades of the side-aisles, and of the fretted roof, as received any portion of the light, came in with admirable effect.

“All is prepared, you perceive,” observed Dee to Viviana. “I will retire while the ceremony is performed.” And gravely inclining his head, he passed through an arched door in the south aisle, and entered the chapter-house.

Garnet was about to proceed with the service appointed by the Romish Church for the burial

of the dead, when Viviana, uttering a loud cry, would have fallen, if Catesby had not flown to her assistance, and borne her to one of the stalls. Recovering her self-possession the next moment, she entreated him to leave her; and while the service proceeded, she knelt down and prayed fervently for the soul of the departed.

Placing himself at the foot of the body, Garnet sprinkled it with holy water, which he had brought with him in a small silver consecrated vessel. He then recited the *De Profundis*, the *Miserere*, and other antiphons and prayers; placed incense in a burner, which he had likewise brought with him, and having lighted it, bowed reverently towards the altar, sprinkled the body thrice with holy water at the sides, at the head, and the feet; and then walking round it with the incense-burner, dispersed its fragrant odour over it. This done, he recited another prayer, pronounced a solemn benediction over the place of sepulture, and the body was lowered into it.

The noise of the earth falling upon the shell aroused Viviana from her devotions. She looked towards the grave, but could see nothing but the

gloomy group around it, prominent among which appeared the tall figure of Catesby. The sight was too much for her, and, unable to control her grief, she fainted. Meanwhile, the grave was rapidly filled, all lending their aid to the task; and nothing was wanting but to restore the slab to its original position. By the united efforts of Catesby, Kelley, and the sexton, this was soon accomplished, and the former, unaware of what had happened, was about to proceed to Viviana to tell her all was over, when he was arrested by a loud knocking at the church door, accompanied by a clamorous demand for admittance.

“We are betrayed!” exclaimed Catesby. “It is as I suspected. Take care of Viviana, father. I will after the hoary impostor, and cleave his skull! Extinguish the lights—quick!—quick!”

Garnet hastily complied with these injunctions, and the choir was plunged in total darkness. He then rushed to the stalls, but could nowhere find Viviana. He called her by name,

but received no answer, and was continuing his fruitless search, when he heard footsteps approaching, and the voice of Catesby exclaimed,

“Follow me with your charge, father.”

“Alas! my son, she is not here,” replied Garnet. “I have searched each stall as carefully as I could in the dark. I fear she has been spirited away.”

“Impossible!” cried Catesby. And he ran his hand along the row of sculptured seats, but without success. “She is indeed gone!” he exclaimed distractedly. “It was here I left her—nay, here I beheld her at the very moment the lights were extinguished. Viviana!—Viviana!”

But all was silent.

“It is that cursed magician’s handiwork!” he continued, striking his forehead in despair.

“Did you find him?” demanded Garnet.

“No,” replied Catesby. “The door of the chapter-house was locked inside. The treacherous villain did well to guard against my fury.”

“You provoked his resentment, my son,”

rejoined Garnet. "But this is not a season for reproaches. Something must be done. Where is Kelley?"

At the suggestion, Catesby instantly darted to the spot where the seer had stood. He was not there. He then questioned the servants, whose teeth were chattering with fright, but they had neither heard him depart, nor could tell anything about him; and perceiving plainly from their trepidation that these men would lend no aid, even if they did not join the assailants, he returned to communicate his apprehensions to Garnet.

During all this time the knocking and vociferations at the door had continued with increased violence, and reverberated in hollow peals along the roof and aisles of the church.

The emergency was a fearful one. Catesby, however, had been too often placed in situations of peril, and was too constitutionally brave, to experience much uneasiness for himself; but his apprehensions lest Garnet should be captured, and the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Viviana almost distracted him. Per-

suading himself she might have fallen to the ground, or that he had overlooked the precise spot where he had left her, he renewed his search, but with no better success than before ; and he was almost beginning to believe that some magic might have been practised to cause her disappearance, when it occurred to him that she had been carried off by Kelley.

“ Fool that I was, not to think of that before !” he exclaimed. “ I have unintentionally aided their project by extinguishing the lights. But, now that I am satisfied she is gone, I can devote my whole energies to the preservation of Garnet. They shall not capture us so easily as they anticipate.”

With this, he approached the priest, and grasping his hand drew him noiselessly along. They had scarcely passed through the arched doorway in the screen, and set foot within the nave, when the clamour without ceased. The next moment a thundering crash was heard ; the door burst open, and a number of armed figures bearing torches, with drawn swords in their hands, rushed with loud vociferations into the church.

“ We must surrender, my son,” cried Garnet.
“ It will be useless to contend against that force.”

“ But we may yet escape them,” rejoined Catesby. And glancing hastily round he perceived a small open door in the wall at the right, and pointing it out to the priest, hurried towards it.

On reaching it, they found it communicated with a flight of stone steps, evidently leading to the roof.

“ Saved ! saved !” cried Catesby, triumphantly.
“ Mount first, father. I will defend the passage.”

The pursuers, who saw the course taken by the fugitives, set up a loud shout, and ran as swiftly as they could in the same direction, and by the time the latter had gained the door they were within a few yards of it. Garnet darted up the steps ; but Catesby lingered to make fast the door, and thus oppose some obstacle to the hostile party. His efforts, however, were unexpectedly checked, and, on examination, he found it was hooked to the wall at the back. Undoing the fastening, the door swung to, and he instantly bolted it. Overjoyed at his success,

and leaving his pursuers, who at this moment arrived, to vent their disappointment in loud menaces, he hastened after Garnet. Calling loudly to him, he was answered from a small dark chamber on the right, into which the priest had retreated.

“ We have but prolonged our torture,” groaned Garnet. “ I can find no outlet. Our foes will speedily force an entrance, and we must then fall into their hands.”

“ There must be some door opening upon the roof, father,” rejoined Catesby. “ Mount as high as you can, and search carefully. I will defend the stairs, and will undertake to maintain my post against the whole rout.”

Thus urged, Garnet ascended the steps. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which the thundering at the door below increased, and the heavy blows of some weighty implement directed against it, were distinctly heard, he cried,

“ I have found a door, but the bolts are rusty — I cannot move them.”

“ Use all your strength, father,” shouted Catesby, who having planted himself with his

drawn sword at an advantageous point, was listening with intense anxiety to the exertions of the assailing party. “Do not relax your efforts for a moment.”

“It is in vain, my son,” rejoined Garnet, in accents of despair. “My hands are bruised and bleeding, but the bolts stir not.”

“Distraction !” cried Catesby, gnashing his teeth with rage. “Let me try.”

And he was about to hasten to the priest’s assistance, when the door below was burst open with a loud crash, and the assailants rushed up the steps. The passage was so narrow, that they were compelled to mount singly, and Catesby’s was scarcely a vain boast when he said he could maintain his ground against the whole host. Shouting to Garnet to renew his efforts, he prepared for the assault. Reserving his petronels to the last, he trusted solely to his rapier, and leaning against the newel, or circular column round which the stairs twined, he was in a great measure defended from the weapons of his adversaries, while they were completely exposed to his attack. The darkness, moreover,

in which he was enveloped offered an additional protection, whereas the torches they carried made his mark certain. As soon as the foremost of the band came within reach, Catesby plunged his sword into his breast, and pushed him back with all his force upon his comrades. The man fell heavily backwards, dislodging the next in advance, who in his turn upset his successor, and so on, till the whole band was thrown into confusion. A discharge of fire-arms followed; but, sheltered by the newel, Catesby sustained no injury. At this moment, he was cheered by a cry from Garnet that he had succeeded in forcing back the bolts, terror having supplied him with a strength not his own; and, making another sally upon his assailants, amid the disorder that ensued, Catesby retreated, and rapidly tracking the steps, reached the door, through which the priest had already passed. When within a short distance of the outlet, Catesby felt, from the current of fresh air that saluted him, that it opened upon the roof of the church. Nor was he deceived. A few steps placed him upon the leads, where he found Garnet.

“It is you, my son,” cried the latter, on beholding him; “I thought from the shouts you had fallen into the hands of the enemy.”

“No, Heaven be praised! I am as yet safe, and trust to deliver you out of their hands. Come with me to the battlements.”

“The battlements!” exclaimed Garnet. “A leap from such a height as that were certain destruction.”

“It were so,” replied Catesby, dragging him along. “But trust to me, and you shall yet reach the ground uninjured.”

Arrived at the battlements, Catesby leaned over them, and endeavoured to ascertain what was beneath. It was still so dark that he could scarcely discern any objects but those close to him, but as far as he could trust his vision, he thought he perceived a projecting building some twelve or fourteen feet below; and calling to mind the form of the church, which he had frequently seen and admired, he remembered its chantries, and had no doubt but it was the roof of one of them that he beheld. If he could reach it, the descent from thence would be easy,

and he immediately communicated the idea to Garnet, who shrank aghast from it. Little time, however, was allowed for consideration. Their pursuers had already scaled the stairs, and were springing one after another upon the leads, uttering the most terrible threats against the destroyer of their comrade. Hastily divesting himself of his cloak, Catesby clambered over the battlements, and, impelled by fear, Garnet threw off his robe, and followed his example. Clinging to the grotesque stone water-spouts which projected below the battlements, and placing the points of his feet upon the arches of the clerestory windows, and thence upon the mullions and transom bars, Catesby descended in safety, and then turned to assist his companion, who was quickly by his side.

The most difficult and dangerous part of the descent had yet to be accomplished. They were now nearly thirty feet from the ground, and the same irregularities in the walls which had favoured them in the upper structure did not exist in the lower. But their present position, exposed as it was to their pursuers, who, having reached

the point immediately overhead, were preparing to fire upon them, was too dangerous to allow of its occupation for a moment, and Garnet required no urging to make him clamber over the low embattled parapet. Descending a flying buttress that defended an angle of the building, Catesby, who was possessed of great strength and activity, was almost instantly upon the ground. Garnet was not so fortunate. Missing his footing, he fell from a considerable height, and his groans proclaimed that he had received some serious injury. Catesby instantly flew to him, and demanded, in a tone of the greatest anxiety, whether he was much hurt.

“ My right arm is broken,” gasped the sufferer, raising himself with difficulty. “ What other injuries I have sustained I know not ; but every joint seems dislocated, and my face is covered with blood. Heaven have pity on me ! ”

As he spoke, a shout of exultation arose from the hostile party, who, having heard Garnet’s fall, and the groans that succeeded it, at once divined the cause, and made sure of a capture. A deep silence followed, proving that they had quitted

the roof, and were hastening to secure their prey.

Aware that it would take them some little time to descend the winding staircase, and traverse the long aisle of the church, Catesby felt certain of distancing them. But he could not abandon Garnet, who had become insensible from the agony of his fractured limb, and, lifting him carefully in his arms, he placed him upon his shoulder, and started at a swift pace towards the further extremity of the churchyard.

At the period of this history, the western boundary of the Collegiate Church was formed by a precipitous sandstone rock of great height, the base of which was washed by the waters of the Irwell, while its summit was guarded by a low stone wall. In after years, a range of small habitations was built upon this spot, but they have been recently removed, and the rock having been lowered, a road now occupies their site. Nerved by desperation, Catesby, who was sufficiently well acquainted with the locality to know whither he was shaping his course, determined to hazard a descent, which, under calmer circum-

stances he would have deemed wholly impracticable. His pursuers, who issued from the church porch a few seconds after he had passed it, saw him hurry towards the low wall edging the precipice, and, encumbered as he was with the priest, vault over it. Not deeming it possible he would dare to spring from such a height, they darted after him. But they were deceived, and could scarcely credit their senses when they found him gone. By the light of their torches they perceived him shooting down the almost perpendicular side of the rock, and the next moment a hollow plunge told that he had reached the water. They stared at each other in mute astonishment.

“Will you follow him, Dick Haughton?” observed one, as soon as he had recovered his speech.

“Not I,” replied the fellow addressed. “I have no fancy for a broken neck. Follow him thyself if thou hast a mind to try the soundness of thy pate. I warrant that rock will put it to the proof.”

“Yet the feat has just been done, and by one

burthened with a wounded comrade into the bargain," remarked the first speaker.

"He must be the devil, that 's certain," rejoined Haughton; "and Doctor Dee himself is no match for him."

"He has the devil's luck, that 's certain," cried a third soldier. "But, hark! he is swimming across the river. We may yet catch him on the opposite bank. Come along, comrades."

With this, they rushed out of the churchyard; made the best of their way to the bridge; and crossing it, flew to the bank of the river, where they dispersed in every direction, in search for the fugitive. But they could not discover a trace of him or his wounded companion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RENCONTRE.

CATESBY himself could scarcely tell how he accomplished his hair-breadth escape. Reckless almost of the result, he slid down the rock, catching at occasional irregularities as he descended. The river was of great depth at this point, and broke the force of his fall. On rising, he struck out a few yards, and suffered himself to be carried down the stream. He had never for one moment relinquished his hold of Garnet, and being an admirable swimmer found little difficulty in sustaining him with one arm, while with the other he guided his course in the water. In this way, he reached the shore in safety, about a hundred yards below the bridge, by which means he avoided his pursuers, who, as has just been stated, searched for him above it.

After debating with himself for a short time as to what course he should pursue, he decided upon conveying Garnet to the Hall, where he could procure restoratives and assistance; and though he was fully sensible of the danger of this plan, not doubting the mansion would be visited and searched by his pursuers before morning, yet the necessity of warning Guy Fawkes outweighed every other consideration. Accordingly, again shouldering the priest, who, though he had regained his sensibility, was utterly unable to move, he commenced his toilsome march; and being frequently obliged to pause and rest himself, more than an hour elapsed before he reached his destination.

It was just growing light as he crossed the drawbridge, and seeing a horse tied to a tree, and the gate open, he began to fear the enemy had preceded him. Full of misgiving, he laid Garnet upon a heap of straw in an outbuilding, and entered the house. He found no one below, though he glanced into each room. He then noiselessly ascended the stairs, with the intention of proceeding to Guy Fawkes's chamber.

As he traversed the gallery, he heard voices in one of the chambers, the door of which was ajar, and pausing to listen distinguished the tones of Viviana. Filled with astonishment, he was about to enter the room to inquire by what means she had reached the Hall, when he was arrested by the voice of her companion. It was that of Humphrey Chetham. Maddened by jealousy, Catesby's first impulse was to rush into the room and stab his rival in the presence of his mistress. But he restrained his passion by a powerful effort.

After listening for a few minutes intently to their conversation, he found that Chetham was taking leave, and creeping softly down stairs, stationed himself in the hall, through which he knew his rival must necessarily pass. Chetham presently appeared. His manner was dejected; his looks downcast; and he would have passed Catesby without observing him, if the latter had not laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Catesby!" exclaimed the young merchant, starting as he beheld the stern glance fixed upon him. "I thought——"

"You thought I was a prisoner, no doubt,"

interrupted Catesby, bitterly. "But you are mistaken. I am here to confound you and your juggling and treacherous associate."

"I do not understand you," replied Chetham.

"I will soon make myself intelligible," retorted Catesby. "Follow me to the garden."

"I perceive your purpose, Mr. Catesby," replied Chetham, calmly; "but it is no part of my principles to expose my life to ruffianly violence. If you choose to lay aside this insolent demeanour, which is more befitting an Alsatian bully than a gentleman, I will readily give you such explanation of my conduct as will fully content you, and satisfy you that any suspicions you may entertain of me are unfounded."

"Coward!" exclaimed Catesby, striking him. "I want no explanation. Defend yourself, or I will treat you with still greater indignity."

"Lead on, then," cried Chetham: "I would have avoided the quarrel if I could. But this outrage shall not pass unpunished."

As they quitted the hall, Viviana entered it; and, though she was greatly surprised by the appearance of Catesby, his furious gestures left

her in no doubt as to his purpose. She called to him to stop. But no attention was paid by either party to her cries.

On gaining a retired spot beneath the trees, Catesby, without giving his antagonist time to divest himself of the heavy horseman's cloak with which he was encumbered, and scarcely to draw his sword, assaulted him. The combat was furious on both sides, but it was evident that the young merchant was no match for his adversary. He maintained his ground, however, for some time with great resolution; but, being hotly pressed, in retreating to avoid a thrust, his foot caught in the long grass, and he fell. Catesby would have passed his sword through his body if it had not been turned aside by another weapon. It was that of Guy Fawkes, who, followed by Martin Heydocke, had staggered towards the scene of strife, reaching it just in time to save the life of Humphrey Chetham.

“Heaven be praised! I am not too late!” he exclaimed. “Put up your blade, Catesby; or, turn it against me.”



Guy Fawkes plotting the blowing up of the Gunpowder



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPLANATION.

UTTERING an exclamation of rage, Catesby turned fiercely upon Fawkes, and for a moment appeared disposed to accept his invitation to continue the combat with him. But as he regarded the other's haggard features, and perceived in them the traces of his recent struggle with death,—as he saw he was scarcely able to wield the blade he opposed against him,—his wrath changed to compassion, and he sheathed his sword. By this time, Humphrey Chetham had sprung to his feet, and picking up his fallen weapon, stood on his defence. But finding that Catesby meditated no further hostilities, he returned it to the scabbard.

“I owe my life to you,” he said to Guy Fawkes, in a tone of deep gratitude.

“ You owe it to Viviana Radcliffe, not to me,” returned Fawkes feebly, and leaning upon his sword for support. “ Had it not been for her cries, I should have known nothing of this quarrel. And I would now gladly learn what has occasioned it ? ”

“ So would I,” added Chetham ; “ for I am as ignorant as yourself how I have offended Mr. Catesby.”

“ I will tell you, then,” returned Catesby, sternly. “ You were a party to the snare set for us by Doctor Dee, from which I narrowly escaped with life, and Father Garnet at the expense of a broken limb.”

“ Is Garnet hurt ? ” demanded Fawkes, anxiously.

“ Grievously,” replied Catesby ; “ but he is out of the reach of his enemies, of whom,” he added, pointing to Chetham, “ one of the most malignant and treacherous now stands before you.”

“ I am quite in the dark as to what has happened,” observed Fawkes, “ having only a few minutes ago been roused from my slumbers

by the shrieks of Viviana, who entreated me to come and separate you. But I cannot believe Humphrey Chetham so treacherous as you represent him."

"So far from having any enmity towards Father Garnet," observed Chetham, "my anxious desire was to preserve him; and with that view, I was repairing to Doctor Dee, when I encountered Mr. Catesby in the hall, and, before I could offer any explanation, I was forced by his violence and insults into this combat."

"Is this the truth, Catesby?" asked Fawkes.

"Something near it," rejoined the latter; "but perhaps Mr. Chetham will likewise inform you by whose agency Viviana was transported hither from the Collegiate Church?"

"That inquiry ought rather to be made of the lady herself, sir," returned Chetham, coldly.

"But, as I am assured she would have no objection to my answering it, I shall not hesitate to do so. She was conveyed hither by Kelley and an assistant, who departed as soon as their task was completed."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby between his

ground teeth. "But how chanced it, sir, that you arrived here so opportunely?"

"I might well refuse to answer a question thus insolently put," rejoined Chetham. "But to prevent further misunderstanding, I will tell you, that I came by Viviana's invitation at midnight; and, ascertaining from my servant, Martin Heydocke, whom I found watching by the couch of Guy Fawkes, the melancholy business on which she was engaged, I determined to await her return, which occurred about an hour afterwards, in the manner I have just related."

"I was in the court-yard when Mistress Viviana was brought back," interposed Martin Heydocke, who was standing at a respectful distance from the group; "and, after Kelley had delivered her to my charge, I heard him observe in an under tone to his companion, 'Let us ride back as fast as we can, and see what they have done with the prisoners.'"

"They made sure of their prey before it was captured," observed Catesby, bitterly. "But we have disappointed them. Dee and his associate may yet have reason to repent their perfidy."

“ You will do well not to put yourself again in their power,” observed Humphrey Chetham. “ If you will be counselled by me, you and Guy Fawkes will seek safety in instant flight.”

“ And leave you with Viviana ? ” rejoined Catesby, sarcastically.

“ She is in no present danger,” replied Chetham. “ But, if it is thought fitting or desirable, I will remain with her.”

“ I do not doubt it,” returned Catesby, with a sneer ; “ but it is neither fitting nor desirable. And, hark ye, young sir, if you have indulged any expectations with regard to Viviana Radcliffe, it is time you were undeceived. She will never wed one of your degree, nor of your faith.”

“ I have her own assurance she will never wed at all,” replied Chetham, in an offended tone. “ But had she not crushed my hopes by declaring she was vowed to a convent, no menaces of yours, who have neither right nor title thus to interfere, should induce me to desist from my suit.”

“ Either resign all pretensions to her hand,

or prepare to renew the combat," cried Catesby, fiercely.

"No more of this," interposed Guy Fawkes. "Let us return to the house, and adjust our differences there."

"I have no further business here," observed Humphrey Chetham. "Having taken leave of Viviana," he added, with much emotion, "I do not desire to meet her again."

"It is well, sir," rejoined Catesby: "yet, stay! — you mean us no treachery?"

"If you suspect me, I will remain," replied Humphrey Chetham.

"On no account," interposed Guy Fawkes. "I will answer for him with my life."

"Perhaps, when I tell you I have procured the liberation of Father Oldcorne," returned Chetham, "and have placed him in security in Ordsall Cave, you will admit that you have done me wrong."

"I have been greatly mistaken in you, sir, I must own," observed Catesby, advancing towards him, and extending his hand. But

Humphrey Chetham folded his arms upon his breast, and bowing coldly, withdrew. He was followed by Martin Heydocke, and presently afterwards the tramp of his horse's feet was heard crossing the drawbridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISCOVERY.

TENDERING his arm to Fawkes, who was almost too feeble to walk unsupported, Catesby led him slowly to the Hall. On reaching it, they met Viviana, in a state bordering upon distraction, but her distress was speedily relieved by their assurances that the young merchant had departed unhurt, — a statement immediately afterwards confirmed by the entrance of Martin Heydocke, charged with a message from his master to her. Without communicating his design to the others, and, indeed, almost shunning Viviana, Catesby proceeded to the outbuilding where he had deposited Garnet. He found him in great pain, and praying fervently to be released from his suffering.

“Do not despair, father,” said Catesby, in

as cheerful a tone as he could assume, "the worst is over. Viviana is in safety. Father Oldcorne has escaped, and is within a short distance of us, and Guy Fawkes is fully able to undertake a journey of any distance. You are our sole concern. But I am assured, if you will allow me to exercise the slight surgical skill I possess in your behalf, that you will be able to accompany us."

"Do with me what you please, my son," groaned Garnet. "But, if my case is as desperate as I believe it, I entreat you not to bestow any further care upon me, and, above all, not to expose yourself to risk on my account. Our enemies are sure to pursue us,—and what matter if I am captured? They will wreak their vengeance on a worthless carcass,—for such I shall soon be. But it would double the anguish I now endure, if you and Fawkes were to fall into their hands. Go, then, and leave me here to perish. My dying moments will be cheered by the conviction that the great enterprise—for which alone I desire to live—will not be unaccomplished."

“There is no need to leave you, father,” replied Catesby, “nor shall any consideration induce me to do so, till I have rendered you every aid that circumstances will permit.”

“My son,” replied Garnet, faintly, “the most efficacious balm you can apply will be the certainty that you are in safety. You say Viviana is here. Fly with Fawkes, and leave me to her care.”

“She must go with us,” observed Catesby, uneasily.

“Not so, my son,” returned Garnet; “her presence will only endanger you. She must *not* go. And you must abandon all hopes of an union with her.”

“I would as soon abandon the great design itself,” returned Catesby, moodily.

“If you persist in this, you will ruin it,” rejoined Garnet. “Think of her no more. Bend your thoughts exclusively on the one grand object, and be what you are chosen to be, the defender and deliverer of our holy Church.”

“I would gladly act as you advise me, father,” replied Catesby; “but I am spell-bound by this maiden.”

“ This is idle from you, my son,” replied Garnet, reproachfully. “ Separate yourself from her, and you will soon regain your former mastery over yourself.”

“ Well, well, father,” rejoined Catesby, “ the effort, at least, shall be made. But her large possessions, which would be so useful to our cause, and which, if I wedded her, would be wholly devoted to it,—think of what we lose, father.”

“ I *have* thought of it, my son,” replied Garnet; “ but the consideration does not alter my opinion: and if I possess any authority over you, I strictly enjoin you not to proceed farther in the matter. Viviana never can be yours.”

“ She *shall* be, nevertheless,” muttered Catesby, “ and before many hours have elapsed,—if not by her own free will, by force. I have ever shown myself obedient to your commands, father,” he added aloud, “ and I shall not transgress them now.”

“ Heaven keep you in this disposition, my dear son !” exclaimed Garnet, with a look of distrust: “ and let me recommend you to remove

yourself as soon as possible out of the way of temptation."

Catesby muttered an affirmative, and taking Garnet in his arms, conveyed him carefully to his own chamber, and placing him on a couch, examined his wounds, which were not so serious as either he or the sufferer imagined, and with no despicable skill—for the experiences of a soldier's life had given him some practice—banded his broken arm, and fomented his bruises.

This done, Garnet felt so much easier, that he entreated Catesby to send Viviana to him, and to make preparations for his own immediate departure. Feigning acquiescence, Catesby quitted the room, but with no intention of complying with the request. Not a moment he felt must be lost if he would execute his dark design, and, after revolving many wild expedients, an idea occurred to him. It was to lure Viviana to the cave where Father Oldcorne was concealed; and he knew enough of the pliant disposition of the latter to be certain he would assent to his scheme. No sooner did this plan occur to him than he hurried to the cell, and found the priest,

as Chetham had stated. As he had foreseen, it required little persuasion to induce Oldcorne to lend his assistance to the forced marriage, and he only feared the decided opposition they should encounter from Viviana.

“ Fear nothing, then, father,” said Catesby ;
“ in this solitary spot no one will hear her cries. Whatever resistance she may make, perform the ceremony, and leave the consequences to me.”

“ The plan is desperate, my son,” returned Oldcorne, “ but so are our fortunes. And, as Viviana will not hear reason, we have no alternative. You swear that if you are once wedded to her, all her possessions shall be devoted to the furtherance of the great cause.”

“ All, father — I swear it,” rejoined Catesby, fervently.

“ Enough,” replied Oldcorne. “ The sooner it is done, the better.”

It was then agreed between them that the plan least likely to excite suspicion would be for Oldcorne to proceed to the Hall, and under some plea prevail upon Viviana to return with him to the cave. Acting upon this arrangement,

they left the cell together, shaping their course under the trees to avoid observation ; and while Oldcorne repaired to the Hall, Catesby proceeded to the stable, and saddling the only steed left, rode back to the cave, and concealing the animal behind the brushwood, entered the excavation. Some time elapsed before the others arrived, and as in his present feverish state of mind moments appeared ages, the suspense was almost intolerable. At length, he heard footsteps approaching, and, with a beating heart, distinguished the voice of Viviana. The place was buried in profound darkness ; but Oldcorne struck a light, and set fire to a candle in a lantern. The feeble glimmer diffused by it was not sufficient to penetrate the recesses of the cavern ; and Catesby, who stood at the farther extremity, was completely sheltered from observation.

“ And now, father,” observed Viviana, seating herself with her back towards Catesby, upon the stone bench once used by the unfortunate prophetess, “ I would learn the communication you desire to make to me. It must be some-

thing of importance since you would not disclose it at the Hall."

"It is, daughter," replied Oldcorne, who could scarcely conceal his embarrassment. "I have brought you hither, where I am sure we shall be uninterrupted, to confer with you on a subject nearest my heart. Your lamented father being taken from us, I, as his spiritual adviser, aware of his secret wishes and intentions, conceive myself entitled to assume his place."

"I consider you in the light of a father, dear sir," replied Viviana, "and will follow your advice as implicitly as I would that of him I have lost."

"Since I find you so tractable, child," returned Oldcorne, reassured by her manner, "I will no longer hesitate to declare the motive I had in bringing you hither. You will recollect that I have of late strongly opposed your intention of retiring to a convent."

"I know it, father," interrupted Viviana; "but——"

"Hear me out," continued Oldcorne; "re-

cent events have strengthened my disapproval of the step. You are now called upon to active duties, and must take your share in the business of life,—must struggle and suffer like others,—and not shrink from the burthen imposed upon you by Heaven.”

“ I do not shrink from it, father,” replied Viviana : “ and if I were equal to the active life you propose, I would not hesitate to embrace it, but I feel I should sink under it.”

“ Not if you had one near you who could afford you that support which feeble woman ever requires,” returned Oldcorne.

“ What mean you, father ? ” inquired Viviana, fixing her dark eyes full upon him.

“ That you must marry, daughter,” returned Oldcorne, “ unite yourself to some worthy man, who will be to you what I have described.”

“ And was it to tell me this that you brought me here ? ” asked Viviana, in a slightly offended tone.

“ It was, daughter,” replied Oldcorne ; “ but I have not yet done. It is not only needful you should marry, but your choice must be such

as I, who represent your father, and have your welfare thoroughly at heart, can approve."

"You can find me a husband, I doubt not?" remarked Viviana, coldly.

"I have already found one," returned Oldcorne: "a gentleman suitable to you in rank, religion, years, — for *your* husband should be older than yourself, Viviana."

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, father," she replied; "you mean Mr. Catesby."

"You have guessed aright, dear daughter," rejoined Oldcorne.

"I thought I had made myself sufficiently intelligible on this point before, father," she returned.

"True," replied Oldcorne; "but you are no longer, as I have just laboured to convince you, in the same position you were when the subject was formerly discussed."

"To prevent further misunderstanding, father," rejoined Viviana, "I now tell you, that in whatever position I may be placed, I will never, under any circumstances, wed Mr. Catesby."

"What are your objections to him, daughter?" asked Oldcorne.

“They are numberless,” replied Viviana ;
“but it is useless to particularize them. I must pray you to change the conversation, or you will compel me to quit you.”

“Nay, daughter, if you thus obstinately shut your ears to reason, I must use very different language towards you. Armed with parental authority, I shall exact obedience to my commands.”

“I cannot obey you, father,” replied Viviana, bursting into tears,—“indeed, indeed I cannot. My heart, I have already told you, is another’s.”

“He who has robbed you of it is a heretic,” rejoined Oldcorne, sternly, “and therefore your union with him is out of the question. Promise me you will wed Mr. Catesby, or, in the name of your dead father, I will invoke a curse upon your head. Promise me, I say.”

“Never,” replied Viviana, rising. “My father would never have enforced my compliance, and I dread no curse thus impiously pronounced. You are overstepping the bounds of your priestly office, sir. Farewell.”

As she moved to depart, a strong grasp was laid on her arm, and turning, she beheld Catesby.

“ You here, sir !” she cried, in great alarm.

“ Ay,” replied Catesby. “ At last you are in my power, Viviana.”

“ I would fain misunderstand you, sir,” she rejoined, trembling ; “ but your looks terrify me. You mean no violence ? ”

“ I mean that Father Oldcorne shall wed us, —and that too without a moment’s delay,” replied Catesby, sternly.

“ Monster !” shrieked Viviana, “ you will not,—dare not commit this foul offence. And if you dare, Father Oldcorne will not assist you. Ah ! what means that sign ? I cannot be mistaken in you, father ? You cannot be acting in concert with this wicked man ? Save me from him !—save me !”

But the priest kept aloof, and taking a missal from his vest, hastily turned over the leaves. Viviana saw that her appeal to him was vain.

“ Let me go !” she shrieked, struggling with Catesby. “ You cannot force me to wed you whether I will or not ; and I will die rather than consent. Let me go, I say ! Help !—help !” And she made the cavern ring with her screams.

“Heed her not, father,” shouted Catesby, who still held her fast, “but proceed with the ceremony.”

Oldcorne, however, appeared irresolute, and Viviana perceiving it, redoubled her cries.

“This will be no marriage, father,” she said, “even if you proceed with it. I will protest against it to all the world, and you will be deprived of your priestly office for your share in so infamous a transaction.”

“You will think otherwise anon, daughter,” replied Oldcorne, advancing towards them with the missal in his hand.

“If it be no marriage,” observed Catesby, significantly, “the time will come when you may desire to have the ceremony repeated.”

“Mr. Catesby,” cried Viviana, altering her manner, as if she had taken a sudden resolution, “one word before you proceed with your atrocious purpose, which must end in misery to us all. There are reasons why you can never wed me.”

“Ha !” exclaimed Catesby, starting.

“Is it so, my son ?” asked Oldcorne, uneasily.

“Pshaw!” exclaimed Catesby. “She knows not what she says. Proceed, father.”

“I have proofs that will confound you,” cried Viviana, breaking from him. And darting towards the light, she took from her bosom the packet given her by Guy Fawkes, and tore it open. A letter was within it, and a miniature.

Opening the letter, she cast her eye rapidly over its contents, and then looking up, exclaimed in accents of delirious joy, “Saved! saved! Father Oldcorne, this man is married already!”

Catesby, who had watched her proceedings in silent astonishment, and was now advancing towards her, recoiled as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

“Can this be true?” cried the priest, in astonishment.

“Let your own eyes convince you,” rejoined Viviana, handing him the letter.

“I am satisfied,” returned Oldcorne, after he had glanced at it. “We have both been spared the commission of a great crime. Mr. Catesby, it appears from this letter that you have a wife living in Spain.”

“It is useless to deny it,” replied Catesby. “But, as you were ignorant of the matter, the offence (if any) would have lain wholly at my door ; nor should I have repented of it, if it had enabled me to achieve the object I have in view.”

“Thank Heaven it has gone no farther !” exclaimed Oldcorne. “Daughter, I humbly entreat your forgiveness.”

“How came that packet in your possession ?” demanded Catesby fiercely of Viviana.

“It was given me by Guy Fawkes,” she replied.

“Guy Fawkes !” exclaimed Catesby. “Has he betrayed his friend ?”

“He has proved himself your best friend, by preventing you from committing a crime, which would have entailed wretchedness on yourself and me,” returned Viviana.

“I have done with him, and with all of you,” cried Catesby, with a fierce glance at Oldcorne. “Henceforth, pursue your projects alone. You shall have no further assistance from me. I will serve the Spaniard. Englishmen are not to be trusted.”

So saying, he rushed out of the cavern, and seeking his horse, mounted him, and rode off at full speed.

“How shall I obtain your forgiveness for my conduct in this culpable affair, dear daughter?” said Oldcorne, with an imploring look at Viviana.

“By joining me in thanksgivings to the Virgin for my deliverance,” replied Viviana, prostrating herself before the stone cross.

Oldcorne knelt beside her, and they continued for some time in earnest prayer. They then arose, and quitting the cave, proceeded to the Hall.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE HALL.

GUY FAWKES was as much surprised to hear of the sudden departure of Catesby as he was concerned at the cause; but he still thought it probable he would return. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. The day wore on, and no one came. The uncertainty in which Fawkes was kept, added to his unwillingness to leave Garnet, still detained him, in spite of the risk he ran, at the Hall; and it was only when urged by Viviana that he began seriously to reflect whither he should bend his steps. Towards evening, Garnet was so much better, that he was able to sit up, and he passed some hours in conference with Oldcorne.

“If I do not suffer a relapse,” he observed to

the latter, "I will set out with Guy Fawkes to-morrow, and we will proceed by easy stages to London."

"I cannot but approve your resolution," returned Oldcorne; "for though so a long journey may be inconvenient, and retard your recovery, yet every hour you remain here is fraught with additional peril. I will accompany you. We shall both be safer in the capital; and perhaps Viviana, now she will be no longer exposed to the persecutions of Catesby, will form one of the party."

"I should not wonder," replied Garnet. "I shall be deeply concerned if Catesby has really abandoned the enterprise. But I cannot think it. I did all I could to dissuade him from prosecuting this union, knowing how hopeless it was, and little thinking he would be rash enough to seek to accomplish it by force, or that he would find an assistant in you."

"Say no more about it, father, I entreat you," rejoined Oldcorne. "The scheme failed, as it deserved to do; and I sincerely repent the share I was induced by Catesby's artful representations

to take in it. If we have lost our leader, we have still Guy Fawkes, who is a host in himself, and as true as the steel that hangs by his side."

"We cannot spare Catesby," replied Garnet. "With many faults, he has one redeeming quality, courage. I am not sorry he has been thwarted in his present scheme, as if he returns to us, as I doubt not he will, it will fix his mind steadily on the one object, which should be ever before it. Give me your arm, father. I am glad to find I can walk, though feebly. That is well," he added, as they emerged upon the gallery; "I shall be able to reach Viviana's chamber without further assistance. Do you descend, and see that Martin Heydocke is on the watch."

In obedience to the injunctions of his superior, Oldcorne went in search of Martin Heydocke, who had been stationed in the court-yard to give timely notice of any hostile approach; but not finding him there, he proceeded towards the drawbridge. Garnet, meanwhile, had reached the door of Viviana's chamber, which was slightly ajar, and he was about to pass through it, when he perceived that she was on her knees before

Guy Fawkes, whom she was addressing in the most passionate terms. The latter was seated at a table, with his head upon his hand, in a thoughtful posture. Surprised at the sight, and curious to hear what Viviana could be saying, Garnet drew back to listen.

“When you quit this house,” were the first words that caught the listener’s ear, “we shall never meet again; and, oh! let me have the consolation of thinking that, in return for the devoted attachment you have shown me, and the dangers from which you have preserved me, I have preserved you from one equally imminent. Catesby, from whatever motive, has abandoned the conspiracy. Do you act likewise, and the whole dreadful scheme will fall to the ground.”

“Catesby cannot abandon it,” replied Fawkes. “He is bound by ties that no human power can sunder. And, however he may estrange himself from us now, when the time for action arrives, rest assured he will not be absent.”

“It may be so,” replied Viviana; “but I deny that the oath either he or you have taken is binding. The deed you have sworn to do is evil, and no vow, however solemnly pronounced,

can compel you to commit crime. Avoid this sin—avoid further connection with those who would work your undoing, and do not stain your soul with guilt from which it will never be cleansed.”

“ You seek in vain to move me,” replied Guy Fawkes, firmly. “ My purpose is unalterable. The tempest that clears away the pestilence destroys many innocent lives, but it is not the less wholesome on that account. Our unhappy land is choked with the pestilence of heresy, and must be freed from it, cost what it will, and suffer who may. The wrongs of the English Catholics imperatively demand redress ; and, since it is denied us, we must take it. Oppression can go no farther ; nor endurance hold out longer. If this blow be not struck we shall have no longer a religion. And how comes it, Viviana, that you, a zealous Catholic, whose father perished by these very oppressors, and who are yourself in danger from them, can seek to turn me from my purpose ? ”

“ Because I know it is wrongful,” she replied. “ I have no desire to avenge the death of my

slaughtered father, still less to see our religion furthered by the dreadful means you propose. In his own due season, the Lord will redress our wrongs."

"The Lord has appointed me one of the ministers of his vengeance," cried Fawkes, in a tone of enthusiasm.

"Do not deceive yourself," returned Viviana, "it is not by Heaven, but by the powers of darkness, that you are incited to this deed. Do not persevere in this fatal course," she continued, clasping her hands together, and gazing imploringly in his face, "do not—do not!"

Guy Fawkes continued in the same attitude as before, with his gaze turned upwards, and apparently lost in thought.

"Have I no power to move you?" cried Viviana, her eyes streaming with tears.

"None whatever," replied Guy Fawkes, firmly.

"Then you are lost," she rejoined.

"If it is Heaven's will, I am," answered Fawkes; "but at least I believe I am acting rightly."

"And rest assured you are so, my son," cried

Garnet, throwing open the door, and stepping into the room. "I have overheard your conversation, and I applaud your resolution."

"You need have no fears of me, father," replied Fawkes. "I do not lightly undertake a project; but once embarked in it nothing can turn me aside."

"In this case your determination is wisely formed, my son," returned Garnet; "and if Viviana will ever give me an opportunity of fully discussing the matter, I am sure I can satisfy her you are in the right."

"I will discuss it with you whenever you think proper," she replied. "But no arguments will ever convince me that your project is approved by Heaven."

"Let it pass now, daughter," rejoined Garnet; "enough has been said on the subject. I came hither to tell Guy Fawkes, that if our enemies permit us to pass the night without molestation, (as Heaven grant they may!) I think I shall be strong enough to set out with him tomorrow, when I propose we should journey together to London."

"Agreed," replied Fawkes.

“ Father Oldcorne will accompany us,” pursued Garnet.

“ And I, too, will go with you, if you will permit me,” said Viviana. “ I cannot remain here ; and I have no further fears of Mr. Catesby. Doctor Dee told me my future fate was strangely mixed up with that of Guy Fawkes. I know not how it may be, but I will not abandon him while there is a hope to cling to.”

“ Viviana Radcliffe,” rejoined Guy Fawkes, coldly, “ deeply as I feel the interest you take in me, I think it right to tell you that no efforts you can use will shake me from my purpose. If I live, I will execute my design.”

“ While I live, I will urge you to it,” remarked Garnet.

“ And while *I* live, I will dissuade you from it,” added Viviana. “ We shall see who will obtain the victory.”

“ We shall,” replied Garnet, smiling confidently.

“ Hear me further,” continued Viviana ; “ I do not doubt that your zeal is disinterested ; yet still, your mode of life, and the difficulties

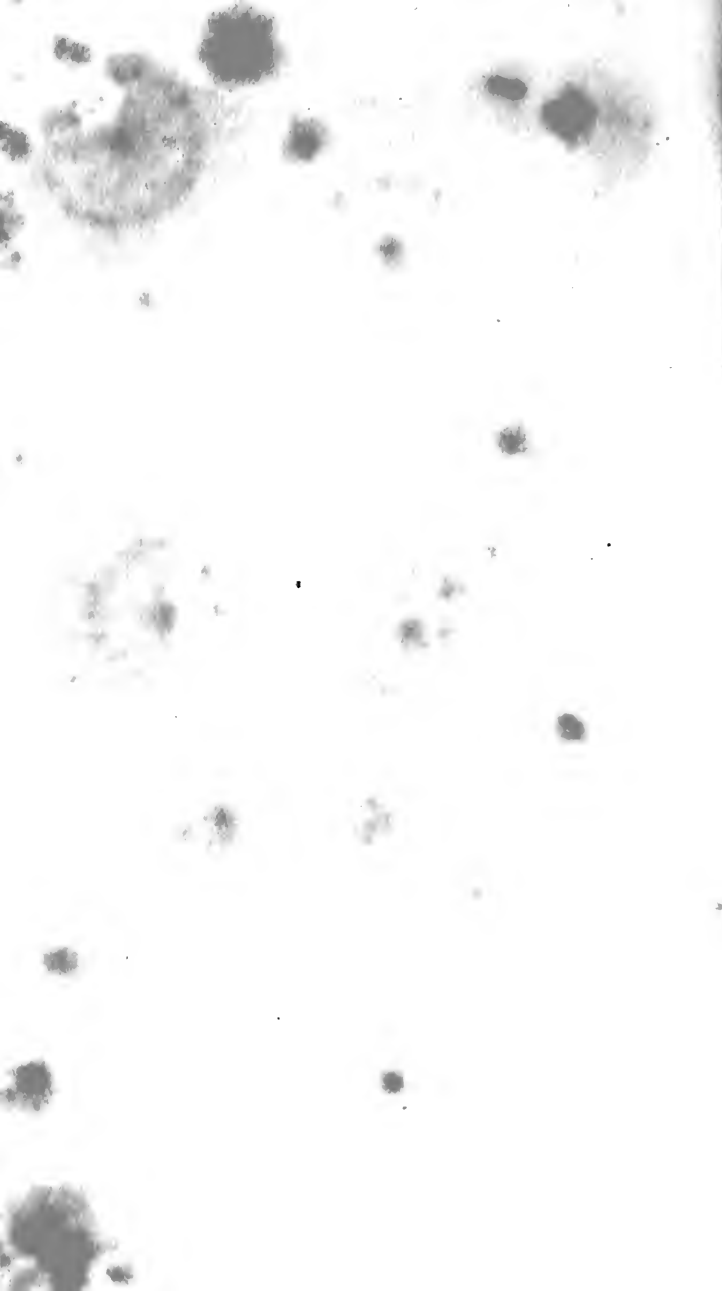
in which you are placed, may not unnaturally influence your conduct. That this may no longer be the case, I here place part of my fortune at your disposal. I require little or nothing myself. But I would, if possible, save one to whom I owe so much, and whom I value so much, from destruction."

"I fully appreciate your generosity — to give it its lightest term — Viviana," returned Guy Fawkes, in a voice of deep emotion. "Under any circumstances I should reject it, — under the present, I do so the more positively, because the offer, kind as it is, seems to imply that my poverty leads me to act contrary to my principles. Gold has no power over me: I regard it as dross; and when I could easily have won it, I neglected the opportunity. As no reward would ever induce me to commit an action my conscience disapproved, so none will deter me from a purpose which I regard as my duty."

"Enough," replied Viviana, sadly. "I will no longer question your motives, or oppose your plan, but will pray Heaven to open your eyes to the truth."



How can I but be angry at the sight
Of the suffering



“ Your conduct is in all respects worthy of you, daughter,” observed Garnet, kindly.

“ You have rejected one offer,” continued Viviana, looking at Fawkes ; “ but I trust you will not decline that I am about to propose to you.”

“ What is it ?” asked Fawkes, in some surprise.

“ It is that I may be permitted to regard you as a father,” replied Viviana, with some hesitation. “ Having lost my own father, I feel I need some protector, and I would gladly make choice of you, if you will accept the office.”

“ I willingly accede to your request, and am much flattered by it, Viviana,” replied Fawkes. “ I am a homeless man, and a friendless, and the affection of such a being as yourself will fill up the only void in my heart. But I am wedded to the great cause. I can never be more to you than a father.”

“ Nay, I asked nothing more,” she replied, blushing deeply.

“ Having thus arranged the terms upon which we shall travel,” observed Garnet, with a smile,

“ nothing is needed but to prepare for our journey. We start early to-morrow morning.”

“ I shall be ready at daybreak,” replied Viviana.

“ And I am ready now,” added Guy Fawkes. “ In my opinion, we run great risk in remaining here another night. But be it as you will.”

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Father Oldcorne, who with a countenance of great alarm informed them he could nowhere find Martin Heydocke.

“ Do you suspect any treachery on his part ? ” asked Garnet of Viviana.

“ I have always found him trustworthy,” she answered ; “ and his father was *my* father’s oldest servant. I cannot think he would betray us. At the same time, I must admit his disappearance at this juncture looks suspicious.”

“ If my strength were equal to it,” returned Guy Fawkes, “ I would keep watch throughout the night ; but that might prevent me from accompanying you to-morrow. My advice, I repeat, is—to set out at once.”

This opinion, however, was overruled by

Garnet and Viviana, who did not think the danger so urgent, and attributed the absence of Martin Heydocke to some unimportant cause. Guy Fawkes made no further remonstrance, and it was agreed they should start, as originally proposed, at daybreak.

The party then separated, and Viviana wandered alone over the old house, taking a farewell, which she felt would be her last, of every familiar object. Few things were as she had known them, but, even in their present forlorn state they were dear to her; and the rooms she trod, though dismantled, were the same she had occupied in childhood.

There is no pang more acute to a sensitive nature than that occasioned by quitting an abode or spot endeared by early recollections and associations, to which we feel a strong presentiment we shall never return. Viviana experienced this feeling in its full force, and she lingered in each room as if she had not the power to leave it. Her emotions, at length, became so overpowering, that to relieve them she strolled forth into the garden. Here, new objects awakened her atten-

tion, and recalled happier times with painful distinctness. Twilight was fast deepening, and, viewed through this dim and softened medium, everything looked as of old, and produced a tightening and stifling sensation in her breast, that nothing but a flood of tears could remove.

The flowers yielded forth their richest scents, and the whole scene was such as she had often beheld it in times long ago, when sorrow was wholly unknown to her. Perfumes, it is well known, exercise a singular influence over the memory. A particular odour will frequently call up an event, and a long train of circumstances connected with the time when it was first inhaled. Without being aware whence it arose, Viviana felt a tide of recollections pressing upon her, which she would have willingly repressed, but which it was out of her power to control. Her tears flowed abundantly, and at length, with a heart somewhat lightened of its load, she arose from the bench on which she had thrown herself, and proceeded along a walk to gather a few flowers as memorials of the place.

In this way, she reached the further end of

the garden, and was stooping to pluck a spray of some fragrant shrub, when she perceived the figure of a man behind a tree at a little distance from her. From his garb, which was that of a soldier, she instantly knew he was an enemy, and, though greatly alarmed, she had the courage not to scream, but breaking off the branch, she uttered a careless exclamation, and slowly retraced her steps. She half expected to hear that the soldier was following her, and prepared to start off at full speed to the house; but, deceived by her manner, he did not stir. On reaching the end of the walk, she could not resist the inclination to look back, and glancing over her shoulder, perceived the man watching her. But as she moved, he instantly withdrew his head.

Her first step on reaching the house was to close and fasten the door; her next to hasten to Guy Fawkes's chamber, where she found him, together with Garnet and Oldcorne. All three were astounded at the intelligence, agreeing that an attack was intended, and that a large force was, in all probability, concealed in the garden,

awaiting only the arrival of night to surprise and seize them. The disappearance of the younger Heydocke was no longer a mystery. He had been secured and carried off by the hostile party, to prevent him from giving the alarm. The emergency was a fearful one, and it excited consternation amongst all except Guy Fawkes, who preserved his calmness.

“ I foresaw we should be attacked to-night,” he said, “ and I am therefore not wholly unprepared. Our only chance is to steal out unobserved ; for resistance would be in vain, as their force is probably numerous, and I am as helpless as an infant, while Father Garnet’s broken arm precludes any assistance from him. The subterranean passage leading from the oratory to the further side of the moat having been stopped up by the pursuivant and his band, it will be necessary to cross the drawbridge, and as soon as it grows sufficiently dark, we must make the attempt. We have no horses, and must trust to our own exertions for safety. Catesby would now be invaluable. It is not his custom to desert his friends at the season of their greatest need.”

“Great as is my danger,” observed Viviana, “I would rather, so far as I am concerned, that he were absent, than owe my preservation to him. I have no fears for myself.”

“And my only fears are for you,” rejoined Fawkes.

Half an hour of intense anxiety was now passed by the party. Garnet was restless and uneasy. Oldcorne betrayed his agitation by unavailing lamentations, by listening to every sound, and by constantly rushing to the windows to reconnoitre, until he was checked by Fawkes, who represented to him the folly of his conduct. Viviana, though ill at ease, did not allow her terror to appear, but endeavoured to imitate the immoveable demeanour of Guy Fawkes, who always became more collected in proportion to the danger by which he was threatened.

At the expiration of the time above-mentioned, it had become quite dark, and desiring his companions to follow him, Guy Fawkes drew his sword, and, grasping Viviana’s hand, led the way down stairs. Before opening the door, he listened intently, and, hearing no sound, issued

cautiously forth. The party had scarcely gained the centre of the court, when a caliver was discharged at them, which, though it did no damage, served as a signal to the rest of their foes. Guy Fawkes, who had never relinquished his hold of Viviana, now pressed forward as rapidly as his strength would permit, and the two priests followed. But loud shouts were raised on the drawbridge, and it was evident it was occupied by the enemy.

Uncertain what to do, Guy Fawkes halted, and was about to return to the house, when a shout from behind told him their retreat was intercepted. In this dilemma there was nothing for it but to attempt to force a passage across the drawbridge, or to surrender at discretion; and though Guy Fawkes would not at other seasons have hesitated to embrace the former alternative, he knew that his strength was not equal to it now.

While he was internally resolving not to yield himself with life, and supporting Viviana, who clung closely to him, the clatter of hoofs was heard rapidly approaching along the avenue, and

presently afterwards two horsemen galloped at full speed toward the drawbridge. The noise had likewise attracted the attention of the enemy ; who, apprehensive of a rescue, prepared to stop them. But the tremendous pace of the riders rendered this impossible. A few blows were exchanged, a few shots fired, and they had crossed the drawbridge.

“ Who goes there ? ” shouted Guy Fawkes, as the horsemen approached him.

“ It is the voice of Guy Fawkes,” cried the foremost, whose tones proclaimed it was Catesby. “ They are here,” he cried, reining in his steed.

“ Where is Viviana ? ” vociferated his companion, who was no other than Humphrey Chet- ham.

“ Here—here,” replied Guy Fawkes.

With the quickness of thought, the young merchant was by her side, and in another moment she was placed on the saddle before him, and borne at a headlong pace across the draw- bridge.

“ Follow me,” cried Catesby. “ I will clear a passage for you. Once across the drawbridge,

you are safe. A hundred yards down the avenue, on the right, you will find a couple of horses tied to a tree. Quick ! quick !”

As he spoke, a shot whizzed past his head, and a tumultuous din in the rear told that their pursuers were close upon them. Striking spurs into his steed, Catesby dashed forward, and dealing blows right and left, cleared the draw-bridge of its occupants, many of whom leaped into the moat to escape his fury. His companions were close at his heels, and got over the bridge in safety.

“ Fly ! — fly !” cried Catesby, — “ to the horses—the horses ! I will check all pursuit.”

So saying, and while the others flew towards the avenue, he faced his opponents, and making a desperate charge upon them, drove them backwards. In this conflict, though several shots were fired, and blows aimed at him on all sides, he sustained no injury, but succeeded in defending the bridge sufficiently long to enable his friends to mount.

He then rode off at full speed, and found the party waiting for him at the end of the

avenue. Father Oldcorne was seated on the same steed as his superior. After riding with them upwards of a mile, Humphrey Chetham dismounted, and resigning his horse to Viviana, bade her farewell, and disappeared.

“And now, to London!” cried Catesby, striking into a road on the right, and urging his steed to a rapid pace.

“Ay, to London! — to the Parliament House!” echoed Fawkes, following him with the others.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

GUY FAWKES.

Book the Second.

THE DISCOVERY.

The next point to be considered is the means to compass and work these designs. These means were most cruel and damnable;—by mining, and by thirty-six barrels of powder, having crows of iron, stones, and wood laid upon the barrels, to have made the breach the greater. Lord! what a wind, what a fire, what a motion and commotion of earth and air would there have been! — *Sir Edward Coke's Speech on the Trial of the Conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.*



CHAPTER I.

THE LANDING OF THE POWDER.

TOWARDS the close of the sixth day after their departure from Ordsall Hall, the party approached the capital. The sun was setting as they descended Highgate Hill, and the view of the ancient, and then most picturesque city, was so enchanting, that Viviana, who beheld it for the first time, entreated her companions to pause for a few minutes to allow her to contemplate it. From the spot where they halted, the country was completely open to Clerkenwell, and only a few scattered habitations lay between them and the old, grey ramparts of the city, with their gates and fortifications, which were easily discernible even at that distance. Above them rose the massive body and central tower

of Saint Paul's cathedral,—a structure far surpassing that which has succeeded it,—while amid the innumerable gables, pointed roofs, and twisted chimneys of the houses sprang a multitude of lesser towers and spires, lending additional beauty to the scene. Viviana was enraptured, and, while gazing on the prospect, almost forgot her sorrows. Guy Fawkes and Catesby, who were a little in advance of the others, turned their gaze westward, and the former observed to his companion,

“The sun is setting over the Parliament House. The sky seems stained with blood. It looks portentous of what is to follow.”

“I would gladly behold the explosion from this hill, or from yon heights,” replied Catesby, pointing towards Hampstead. “It will be a sight such as man has seldom seen.”

“I shall never live to witness it!” exclaimed Fawkes, in a melancholy tone.

“What! still desponding?” returned Catesby, reproachfully. “I thought, since you had fully recovered from your wound, you had shaken off your fears.”

“ You misunderstand me,” replied Fawkes.
“ I mean that I shall perish with our foes.”

“ Why so ? ” cried Catesby. “ There will be plenty of time to escape after you have fired the train.”

“ I shall not attempt it,” rejoined Fawkes, in a sombre voice. “ I will abide the result in the vault. If I perish, it will be a glorious death.”

“ Better live to see the regeneration of our faith, and our restoration to our rights,” rejoined Catesby. “ But we will speak of this hereafter. Here comes Garnet.”

“ Where do you propose we should lodge to-night ? ” asked the latter, riding up.

“ At the house at Lambeth, where the powder is deposited,” returned Catesby.

“ Will it be safe ? ” asked Garnet, uneasily.

“ We shall be safer there than elsewhere, father,” replied Catesby. “ If it is dark enough to-night, Fawkes and I will remove a portion of the powder. But we are losing time. We must pass through the city before the gates are closed.”

In this suggestion Garnet acquiesced, and calling to Viviana to follow them, — for, since his late atrocious attempt, Catesby had not exchanged a word or look with her, but during the whole of the journey kept sedulously aloof, — the whole party set forward, and proceeding at a brisk pace, soon reached the walls of the city. Passing through Cripplegate, they shaped their course towards London Bridge. Viviana was filled with astonishment at all she saw : the multitude and magnificence of the shops, compared with such as she had previously seen ; the crowds in the streets, — for even at that hour they were thronged ; the varied dresses of the passengers — the sober garb of the merchant, contrasting with the showy cloak, the preposterous ruff, swelling hose, plumed cap, and swaggering gait of the gallant or the ruffler ; the brawls that were constantly occurring ; the number of signs projecting from the dwellings ; all she witnessed or heard surprised and amused her, and she would willingly have proceeded at a slower pace to indulge her curiosity, had not her companions urged her onward.

As they were crossing Eastcheap, in the direction of Crooked Lane, a man suddenly quitted the footpath, and, rushing towards Garnet, seized his bridle, and cried,

“ I arrest you. You are a Romish priest.”

“ It is false, knave,” returned Garnet. “ I am as good a Protestant as thyself, and am just arrived with my companions from a long journey.”

“ Your companions are all rank Papists,” rejoined the stranger. “ You yourself are Father Garnet, superior of the Jesuits, and, if I am not deceived, the person next you is Father Oldcorne, also of that order. If I am wrong you can easily refute the charge. Come with me to the council. If you refuse, I will call assistance from the passengers.”

Garnet saw he was lost if he did not make an immediate effort at self-preservation, and resolving to be beforehand with his assailant, he shouted at the top of his voice,

“ Help ! help ! my masters. This villain would rob me of my purse.”

“ He is a Romish priest,” vociferated the

stranger. "I call upon you to assist me to arrest him."

While the passengers, scarcely knowing what to make of these contradictory statements, flocked round them, Guy Fawkes, who was a little in advance with Catesby, rode back, and, seeing how matters stood, instantly drew a petronel, and with the butt-end felled the stranger to the ground. Thus liberated, Garnet struck spurs into his steed, and the whole party dashed off at a rapid pace. Shouts were raised by the bystanders, a few of whom started in pursuit, but the speed at which the fugitives rode soon bore them out of danger.

By this time they had reached London Bridge, and Viviana, in some degree recovered from the fright caused by the recent occurrence, ventured to look around her. She could scarcely believe she was crossing a bridge, so completely did the tall houses give it the appearance of a street; and, if it had not been for occasional glimpses of the river caught between the openings of these lofty habitations, she would have thought her companions had mistaken the road. As they approached the

ancient gateway (afterwards denominated Traitor's Tower,) at the Southwark side of the bridge, she remarked with a shudder the dismal array of heads garnishing its spikes, and pointing them out to Fawkes, cried,

“Heaven grant yours may never be amongst the number !”

Fawkes made no answer, but dashed beneath the low and gloomy arch of the gate.

Striking into a street on the right, the party skirted the walls of Saint Saviour's Church, and presently drew near the Globe theatre, above which floated its banner. Adjoining it was the old Bear-garden — the savage inmates of which made themselves sufficiently audible. Garnet hastily pointed out the first-mentioned place of amusement to Viviana as they passed it, and her reading having made her well acquainted with the noble dramas produced at that unpretending establishment—little better than a barn in comparison with a modern playhouse,—she regarded it with deep interest. Another theatre—the Swan—speedily claimed her attention ; and, leaving it behind, they came upon the open country.

It was now growing rapidly dark, and Catesby, turning off into a narrow lane on the right, shouted to his companions to keep near him. The tract of land they were traversing was flat and marshy. The air was damp and unwholesome—for the swamp had not been drained as in later times,—and the misty exhalations arising from it added to the obscurity. Catesby, however, did not relax his pace, and his companions imitated his example. Another turn on the right seemed to bring them still nearer the river, and involved them in a thicker fog.

All at once Catesby stopped, and cried,

“We should be near the house. And yet this fog perplexes me. Stay here while I search for it.”

“If you leave us, we shall not readily meet again,” rejoined Fawkes.

But the caution was unheeded, Catesby having already disappeared. A few moments afterwards, Fawkes heard the sound of a horse’s hoofs approaching him; and, thinking it was Catesby, he hailed the rider.

The horseman made no answer, but continued to advance towards them.

Just then the voice of Catesby was heard at a little distance, shouting, "I was right. It is here."

The party then hastened in the direction of the cry, and perceived through the gloom a low building, before the door of which Catesby, who had dismounted, was standing.

"A stranger is amongst us," observed Fawkes, in an under tone, as he rode up.

"Where is he?" demanded Catesby, hastily.

"Here," replied a voice. "But, fear nothing. I am a friend."

"I must have stronger assurance than that," replied Catesby. "Who are you?"

"Robert Keyes," replied the other. "Do you not know my voice?"

"In good truth I did not," rejoined Catesby, "and you have spoken just in time. Your arrival is most opportune. But what brings you here to-night?"

"The same errand as yourself, I conclude, Catesby," replied Keyes. "I came here to see that all was in safety. But, who have you with you?"

“ Let us enter the house, and you shall learn,” replied Catesby.

With this, he tapped thrice at the door in a peculiar manner, and presently a light was seen through the windows, and a voice from within demanded who knocked.

“ Your master,” replied Catesby.

Upon this, the door was instantly unbarred. After a hasty greeting between Catesby and his servant, whom he addressed as Thomas Bates, the former inquired whether aught had occurred during his absence, and was answered that, except an occasional visit from Mr. Percy, one of the conspirators, no one had been near the house, everything being in precisely the same state he had left it.

“ That is well,” replied Catesby. “ Now, then, to dispose of the horses.”

All the party having dismounted, their steeds were led to a stable at the back of the premises by Catesby and Bates, while the others entered the house. It was a small, mean-looking habitation, standing at a short distance from the river-side, on the skirts of Lambeth Marsh, and

its secluded situation and miserable appearance seldom induced any one to visit it. On one side was a deep muddy sluice communicating with the river. Within, it possessed but slight accommodation, and only numbered four apartments. One of the best of these was assigned to Viviana, and she retired to it as soon as it could be prepared for her reception. Garnet, who still carried his arm in a sling, but who was in other respects almost recovered from his accident, tendered every assistance in his power, and would have remained with her, but she entreated to be left alone. On descending to the lower room, he found Catesby, who, having left Bates in care of the horses, produced such refreshments as they had brought with them. These were scanty enough ; but a few flasks of excellent wine which they found within the house made some amends for the meagre repast. Viviana was solicited by Guy Fawkes to join them ; but she declined, alleging that she was greatly fatigued, and about to retire to rest.

Their meal ended, Catesby proposed that they should ascertain the condition of the powder,

as he feared it might have suffered from being so long in the vault. Before making this examination, the door was carefully barred; the shutters of the windows closed; and Guy Fawkes placed himself as sentinel at the door. A flag beneath the grate, in which a fire was never kindled, was then raised, and disclosed a flight of steps leading to a vault beneath. Catesby having placed a light in a lantern, descended with Keyes; but both Garnet and Oldcorne refused to accompany them.

The vault was arched and lofty, and, strange to say, for its situation, dry—a circumstance owing, in all probability, to the great thickness of the walls. On either side were ranged twenty barrels filled with powder; and at the further end stood a pile of arms, consisting of pikes, rapiers, demi-lances, petronels, calivers, corslets, and morions. Removing one of the barrels from its station, Catesby forced open the lid, and examined its contents, which he found perfectly dry and uninjured.

“It is fit for use,” he observed, with a significant smile, as he exhibited a handful of the

powder to Keyes, who stood at a little distance with the lantern; "if it will keep as well in the cellar beneath the Parliament House, our foes will soon be nearer heaven, than they would ever be if left to themselves."

"When do you propose to transport it across the river?" asked Keyes.

"To-night," replied Catesby. "It is dark and foggy, and fitting for the purpose. Bates!" he shouted; and at the call his servant instantly descended. "Is the wherry at her moorings?"

"She is, your worship," replied Bates.

"You must cross the river instantly, then," rejoined Catesby, "and proceed to the dwelling adjoining the Parliament House, which we hired from Ferris. Here is the key. Examine the premises,—and bring word whether all is secure."

Bates was about to depart, when Keyes volunteering to accompany him, they left the house together. Having fastened down the lid of the cask, Catesby summoned Fawkes to his assistance, and by his help as many barrels as could be safely stowed in the boat were brought out of the vault. More than two hours elapsed

before Bates returned. He was alone, and informed them that all was secure, but that Keyes had decided on remaining where he was,—it being so dark and foggy, that it was scarcely possible to cross the river.

“ I had some difficulty in landing,” he added, “ and got considerably out of my course. I never was out on so dark a night before.”

“ It is the better for us,” rejoined Catesby. “ We shall be sure to escape observation.”

In this opinion Guy Fawkes concurred, and they proceeded to transport the powder to the boat, which was brought up the sluice within a few yards of the door. This done, and the barrels covered with a piece of tarpaulin, they embarked, and Fawkes, seizing an oar, propelled the skiff along the narrow creek.

As Bates had stated, the fog was so dense, that it was wholly impossible to steer correctly, and Fawkes was therefore obliged to trust to chance as to the course he took. However, having fully regained his strength, he rowed with great swiftness, and, as far as he could judge, had gained the mid-stream, when, before

he could avoid it, he came in violent contact with another boat, oversetting it, and plunging its occupants in the stream.

Disregarding the hints and even menaces of Catesby, who urged him to proceed, Fawkes immediately lay upon his oars, and, as the water was perfectly smooth, succeeded, without much difficulty, in extricating the two men from their perilous situation. Their boat having drifted down the stream, could not be recovered. The chief of these personages was profuse in his thanks to his deliverers, whom he supposed were watermen, and they took care not to undeceive him.

“ You may rely upon my gratitude,” he said ; “ and when I tell you I am the Earl of Salisbury, you will be satisfied I have the means of evincing it.”

“ The Earl of Salisbury !” exclaimed Catesby, who was seated by Fawkes, having taken one of the oars. “ Is it possible ?”

“ I have been on secret state business,” replied the Earl, “ and did not choose to employ my own barge. I was returning to Whitehall, when your boat struck against mine.”

“It is our bitterest enemy,” observed Catesby, in an under tone, to Fawkes. “Fate has delivered him into our hands.”

“What are you about to do?” demanded Fawkes, observing that his companion no longer pulled at the oar.

“Shoot him,” replied Catesby. “Keep still, while I disengage my petronel.”

“It shall not be,” returned Fawkes, laying a firm grasp upon his arm. “Let him perish with the others.”

“If we suffer him to escape now, we may never have such a chance again,” rejoined Catesby. “I will shoot him.”

“I say you shall not,” rejoined Fawkes. “His hour is not yet come.”

“What are you talking about, my masters?” demanded the Earl, who was shivering in his wet garments.

“Nothing,” replied Catesby, hastily. “I will throw him overboard,” he whispered to Fawkes.

“Again I say, you shall not,” replied the latter.

“ I see what you are afraid of,” cried the Earl. “ You are smugglers. You have got some casks of distilled waters on board, and are afraid I may report you. Fear nothing. Land me near the palace, and count upon my gratitude.”

“ Our course lies in a different direction,” replied Catesby, sternly. “ If your lordship lands at all, it must be where we choose.”

“ But I have to see the King to-night. I have some important papers to deliver to him respecting the Papists,” replied Salisbury.

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed Catesby. “ We must, at least, have those papers,” he observed in a whisper to Fawkes.

“ That is a different affair,” replied Fawkes. “ They may prove serviceable to us.”

“ My lord,” observed Catesby, “ by a strange chance you have fallen into the hands of Catholics. You will be pleased to deliver these papers to us.”

“ Ah ! villains, would you rob me ? ” cried the Earl. “ You shall take my life sooner.”

“ We will take both, if you resist,” replied Catesby, in a menacing tone.

“Nay, then,” returned Salisbury, attempting to draw his sword, “we will see who will obtain the mastery. We are equally matched. Come on; I fear you not.”

But the waterman who had rowed the Earl was not of equal courage with his employer, and refused to take part in the conflict.

“It will be useless to contend with us,” cried Catesby, relinquishing the oar to Fawkes, and springing forward. “I must have those papers,” he added, seizing the Earl by the throat, “or I will throw you overboard.”

“I am mistaken in you,” returned Salisbury; “you are no common mariner.”

“It matters not who or what I am,” rejoined Catesby, fiercely. “Your papers, or you die.”

Finding it in vain to contend with his opponent, the Earl was fain to yield, and reluctantly produced a packet from his doublet, and delivered it to him.

“You will repent this outrage, villain,” he said.

“Your lordship will do well to recollect you are still in my power,” rejoined Catesby. “One

thrust of my sword will wipe off some of the injuries you have inflicted on our suffering party."

"I have heard your voice before," cried Salisbury; "you shall not escape me."

"Your imprudence has destroyed you," retorted Catesby, clutching the Earl's throat more tightly, and shortening his sword, with the intent to plunge it into his breast.

"Hold!" exclaimed Fawkes, grasping his arm, and preventing the blow. "I have already said you shall not slay him. You are in possession of his papers. What more would you have?"

"His life," replied Catesby, struggling to liberate his arm.

"Let him swear not to betray us," rejoined Fawkes. "If he refuses, I will not stay your hand."

"You hear what my companion says, my lord," cried Catesby. "Will you swear to keep silence as to what has just occurred?"

After a moment's hesitation, Salisbury assented, and Catesby relinquished his grasp.

During this time, the boat had drifted consi-

derably down the stream, and, in spite of the darkness, Catesby noticed with some uneasiness that they were approaching more than one vessel. The Earl of Salisbury also perceived this, and raised a cry for help, but was instantly checked by Catesby, who took a seat beside him, and placing the point of his rapier at his breast, swore he would stab him if he made any further clamour.

The threat, and the dangerous propinquity of his enemy, effectually silenced the Earl, and Catesby directed Fawkes to make for the shore as quickly as he could. His injunctions were obeyed, and Fawkes plied the oars with so much good-will, that in a few minutes the wherry struck against the steps which projected far into the water, a little to the right of the Star Chamber, precisely on the spot where Westminster Bridge now stands.

Here the Earl and his companion were allowed to disembark, and they had no sooner set foot on land than Guy Fawkes pushed off the boat, and rowed as swiftly as he could towards the centre of the stream. He then demanded of Catesby whe-

ther he should make for the Parliament House, or return.

“ I scarcely know what to advise,” replied Catesby. “ I do not think the Earl will attempt pursuit. And yet I know not. The papers we have obtained may be important. Cease rowing for a moment, and let us listen.”

Guy Fawkes complied, and they listened intently, but could only hear the rippling of the current against the sides of the skiff.

“ We have nothing to fear,” observed Catesby. “ He will not pursue us, or he cannot find a boat.”

As he spoke, the glimmer of torches was visible on the shore, and the plunge of oars into the water convinced him his opinion was erroneous.

“ What course shall we take?” inquired Fawkes.

“ I care not,” replied Catesby, sullenly. “ If I had had my own way, this would not have happened.”

“ Have no fears,” replied Fawkes, rowing swiftly down the stream. “ We shall easily escape.”

“We will not be taken alive,” returned Catesby, seating himself on one of the barrels, and hammering against the lid with the butt-end of his petronel. “I will sooner blow us all to perdition than he shall capture us.”

“You are right,” replied Fawkes. “By my patron, Saint James, he is taking the same course as ourselves.”

“Well, let him board us,” replied Catesby. “I am ready for him.”

“Do as you think proper if the worst occurs,” returned Fawkes. “But, if we make no noise. I am assured we shall not be perceived.”

With this he ceased rowing, and suffered the boat to drop down the stream. As ill-luck would have it, it seemed as if the hostile bark had struck completely into their track, and, aided by the current, and four sturdy rowers, was swiftly approaching.

“The Earl will be upon us in a few minutes,” replied Catesby. “If you have any prayers to offer, recite them quickly, for I swear I will be as good as my word.”

“ I am ever prepared for death,” replied Fawkes. “ Ha ! we are saved ! ”

This last exclamation was occasioned by his remarking a large barge, towards which they were rapidly drifting.

“ What are you about to do ? ” cried Catesby.—
“ Leap on board, and abandon the skiff, together with its contents ? ”

“ No,” replied Fawkes ; “ sit still, and leave the rest to me.”

By this time, they had approached the barge, which was lying at anchor, and Guy Fawkes, grasping a boat-hook, fixed it in the vessel as they passed, and drew their own boat close to its side—so close, in fact, that it could not be distinguished from it.

The next moment, the chase came up, and they distinctly perceived the Earl of Salisbury seated in the stern of the boat, holding a torch. As he approached the barge, he held the light towards it ; but the skiff being on the off-side, entirely escaped notice. When the chase had got to a sufficient distance to be out of hearing,

the fugitives rowed swiftly in the contrary direction.

Not judging it prudent to land, they continued to ply the oars, until fatigue compelled them to desist, and they had placed some miles between them and their pursuers.

“ Long before this, the Earl must have given up the chase,” observed Catesby. “ We must return before daybreak, and either land our powder near the Parliament House, or take it back to the vault at Lambeth.”

“ We shall run equal risk either way,” replied Fawkes, “ and, having ventured thus far, we may as well go through with it. I am for landing at Westminster.”

“ And I,” rejoined Catesby. “ I do not like giving up a project when I have once undertaken it.”

“ You speak my sentiments exactly,” returned Fawkes. “ Westminster be it.”

After remaining stationary for about an hour, they rowed back again, and aided by the stream, in a short time reached their destination. The fog had in a great degree cleared off, and day





began to break as they approached the stairs leading to the Parliament House. Though this was not what they desired, inasmuch as the light added to the risk they would have run in landing the powder, it enabled them to ascertain that no one was on the watch.

Running swiftly in towards a sort of wharf, protected by a roofed building, Catesby leapt ashore, and tied the skiff to a ring in the steps. He then desired Fawkes to hand out the powder as quickly as he could. The order was promptly obeyed, and in a few minutes several barrels were on the strand.

“ Had you not better fetch Keyes to help us, while I get out the rest ? ” observed Fawkes.

Catesby assented, and hurrying to the house, found Keyes, who was in great alarm about them. He instantly accompanied the other to the wharf, and by their united efforts the powder was expeditiously and safely removed.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAITOR.

THE habitation, to which the powder was conveyed, adjoined, as has already been stated, the Parliament House, and stood at the south-west corner of that structure. It was a small building, two stories high, with a little garden attached to it, surrounded by lofty walls, and belonged to Whinneard, the keeper of the royal wardrobe, by whom it was let to a person named Ferris. From the latter it was hired by Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators, and a relative of the Earl of Northumberland,—of whom it will be necessary to speak more fully hereafter,—for the purpose to which it was now put.

Having bestowed the barrels of powder carefully in the cellar, and fastened the door of

the house and the garden-gate after them, the trio returned to the boat, and rowed back to Lambeth, where they arrived without being noticed. They then threw themselves upon the floor, and sought some repose after their fatigue.

It was late in the day before they awoke. Garnet and Oldcorne had been long astir; but Viviana had not quitted her chamber. Catesby's first object was to examine the packet he had obtained from the Earl of Salisbury, and withdrawing to a corner, he read over the papers one by one carefully.

Guy Fawkes watched his countenance as he perused them, but he asked no questions. Many of the documents appeared to have little interest, for Catesby tossed them aside with an exclamation of disappointment. At length, however, a small note dropped from the bundle. Catesby picked it up, opened it, and his whole expression changed. His brow grew contracted; and, springing to his feet, he uttered an ejaculation of rage, crying, "It is as I suspected. We have traitors among us."

“Whom do you suspect?” cried Fawkes.

“Tresham!” cried Catesby, in a voice of thunder, — “the fawning, wily, lying Tresham. Fool that I was to league him with us.”

“He is your own kinsman,” observed Garnet.

“He is,” replied Catesby; “but were he my own brother he should die. Here is a letter from him to Lord Mounteagle, which has found its way to the Earl of Salisbury, hinting that a plot is hatching against the state, and offering to give him full information of it.”

“Traitor! false, perjured traitor!” cried Fawkes. “He must die.”

“He shall fall by my hand,” rejoined Catesby. “Stay! a plan occurs to me. He cannot be aware that this letter is in my possession. I will send Bates to bid him come hither. We will then charge him with his criminality, and put him to death.”

“He deserves severe punishment, no doubt,” replied Garnet; “but I am unwilling you should proceed to the last extremities with him.”

“There is no alternative, father,” replied

Catesby. "Our safety demands his destruction."

Garnet returned no answer, but bowed his head sorrowfully upon his breast. Bates was then despatched to Tresham; and preparations were made by the three lay conspirators for executing their fell design.

It was agreed, that on his arrival Tresham should be seized and disarmed, and after being interrogated by Catesby touching the extent of his treachery, should be stabbed by Guy Fawkes. This being resolved upon, it became a question how they should act in the interim. It was possible that, after the loss of his papers, some communication might take place between the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Mounteagle, and through the latter with Tresham. Thus prepared, on the arrival of Bates, Tresham, seeing through their design, instead of accompanying him, might give information of their retreat to the officers. The contingency was by no means improbable; and it was urged so strongly by Garnet, that Catesby began

to regret his precipitancy in sending the message. Still, his choler was so greatly roused against Tresham, that he resolved to gratify his vengeance at any risk.

“If he betrays us, and brings the officers here, we shall know how to act,” he remarked to Fawkes. “There is that below which will avenge us on them all.”

“True,” replied Fawkes. “But I trust we shall not be obliged to resort to it.”

Soon after this, Bates returned with a message from Tresham, stating that he would be at the rendezvous at nightfall, and that he had important disclosures to make to them. He desired them, moreover, to observe the utmost caution, and not to stir abroad.

“He may, perhaps, be able to offer an explanation of his conduct,” observed Keyes.

“Impossible,” returned Catesby. “But he shall not die without a hearing.”

“That is all I desire,” returned Keyes.

While the others were debating upon the interrogations they should put to Tresham, and further examining the Earl of Salisbury’s papers,

Garnet repaired to Viviana's chamber, and informed her what was about to take place. She was filled with consternation, and entreated to be allowed to see Guy Fawkes for a few moments alone. Moved by her supplications, Garnet complied, and presently afterwards Fawkes entered the room.

"You have sent for me, Viviana," he said.
"What would you?"

"I have just heard you are about to put one of your companions to death," she replied.
"It must not be."

"Viviana Radcliffe," returned Fawkes, "by your own desire you have mixed yourself up with my fortunes. I will not now discuss the prudence of the step you have taken. But I deem it necessary to tell you, once for all, that any attempts to turn me from the line of conduct I have marked out to myself will fail. Tresham has betrayed us, and he must pay the penalty of his treason."

"But not with his life," replied Viviana.
"Do you not now perceive into what enormities this fatal enterprise will lead you? It is not

one crime alone that you are about to commit, but many. You constitute yourselves judges of your companion, and without allowing him to defend himself, take his life. Disguise it as you may, it is assassination — cold-blooded assassination.”

“His life is justly forfeited,” replied Guy Fawkes, sternly. “When he took the oath of secrecy and fidelity to our league, he well knew what the consequences would be if he violated it. He has done so. He has compromised our safety. Nay, he has sold us to our enemies, and nothing shall save him.”

“If this is so,” replied Viviana, “how much better would it be to employ the time now left in providing for your safety, than in contriving means of vengeance upon one, who will be sufficiently punished for his baseness by his own conscience. Even if you destroy him, you will not add to your own security, while you will commit a foul and needless crime, equal, if not exceeding in atrocity that you seek to punish.”

“Viviana,” replied Fawkes, in an angry tone,

“in an evil hour, I consented to your accompanying me. I now repent my acquiescence. But, having passed my word, I cannot retract. You waste time, and exhaust my patience and your own by these unavailing supplications. When I embarked in this enterprise, I embraced all its dangers, all its crimes if you will, and I shall not shrink from them. The extent of Tresham’s treachery is not yet known to us. There may be—and God grant it!—extenuating circumstances in his conduct that may save his life. But, as the case stands at present, his offence appears of that dye that nothing can wash it out but his blood.”

And he turned to depart.

“When do you expect this wretched man?” asked Viviana, arresting him.

“At nightfall,” replied Fawkes.

“Oh! that there were any means of warning him of his danger!” she cried.

“There are none,” rejoined Fawkes, fiercely, — “none that you can adopt. And I must lay my injunctions upon you not to quit your chamber.”

So saying, he retired.

Left alone, Viviana became a prey to the most agonizing reflections. Despite the strong, and almost unaccountable interest she felt in Guy Fawkes, she began to repent the step she had taken in joining him, as calculated to make her a party to his criminal conduct. But this feeling was transient, and was succeeded by a firmer determination to pursue the good work she had undertaken.

“ Though slight success has hitherto attended my efforts,” she thought, “ that is no reason why I should relax them. The time is arrived when I may exert a beneficial influence over him ; and it may be, that what occurs to-night will prove the first step towards complete triumph. In any case, nothing shall be wanting to prevent the commission of the meditated atrocity.”

With this, she knelt down and prayed long and fervently, and arose confirmed and strengthened in her resolution.

Meanwhile, no alteration had taken place in the purposes of the conspirators. Night came,

but with it came not Tresham. Catesby, who, up to this time, had managed to restrain his impatience, now arose, and signified his intention of going in search of him, and was with difficulty prevented from carrying his threat into execution by Guy Fawkes, who represented the folly and risk of such a course.

“ If he comes not before midnight, we shall know what to think, and how to act,” he observed ; “ but till then let us remain tranquil.”

Keyes and the others adding their persuasions to those of Fawkes, Catesby sat sullenly down, and a profound silence ensued. In this way, some hours were passed, when just at the stroke of midnight, Viviana descended from her room, and appeared amongst them. Her countenance was deathly pale, and she looked anxiously around the assemblage. All, however, with the exception of Fawkes, avoided her gaze.

“ Is he come ? ” she exclaimed at length. “ I have listened intently, but have heard nothing. You cannot have murdered him. And yet your looks alarm me. Father Garnet, answer me,—is the deed done ? ”

“ No, daughter,” replied Garnet, sternly.

“ Then he has escaped ! ” she cried, joyfully.

“ You expected him at nightfall.”

“ It is not yet too late,” replied Fawkes, in a sombre tone ; “ his death is only deferred.”

“ Oh ! do not say so,” she cried, in a voice of agony. “ I hoped you had relented.”

At this moment a peculiar knock was heard at the door. It was thrice repeated, and the strokes vibrated, though with different effect, through every bosom.

“ He is here,” cried Catesby, rising.

“ Viviana, go to your chamber,” commanded Guy Fawkes, grasping her hand, and leading her towards the stairs.

But she resisted his efforts, and fell on her knees.

“ I will not go,” she cried, in a supplicating tone, “ unless you will spare this man’s life.”

“ I have already told you my fixed determination,” rejoined Fawkes, fiercely. “ If you will not retire of your own free will, I must force you.”

“ If you attempt it, I will scream, and alarm

your victim," she replied. "Mr. Catesby," she added, "have my prayers, my entreaties, no weight with you? Will you not grant me his life?"

"No!" replied Catesby, fiercely. "She must be silenced," he added, with a significant look at Fawkes.

"She shall," replied the latter, drawing his poniard. "Viviana!" he continued, in a voice, and with a look that left no doubt as to his intentions, "do not compel me to be your destroyer."

As he spoke, the knocking was repeated, and Viviana uttered a prolonged and piercing cry. Guy Fawkes raised his weapon, and was about to strike, but his resolution failed him, and his arm dropped nerveless to his side.

"Your better angel has conquered!" she cried, clasping his knees.

While this was passing, the door was thrown open by Catesby, and Tresham entered the room.

"What means this outcry?" he asked, looking round in alarm. "Ah! what do I see?"

Viviana Radcliffe here ! Did she utter the scream ? ”

“ She did,” replied Viviana, rising, “ and she hoped to warn you by it. But you were led on by your fate.”

“ Warn me from what ? ” ejaculated Tresham, starting. “ I am among friends.”

“ You are among those who have resolved upon your death,” replied Viviana.

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed Tresham, making an effort to gain the door, and draw his sword.

In both attempts, however, he was foiled, for Catesby intercepted him, while Fawkes and Keyes flung themselves upon him, and binding his arms together with a sword-belt, forced him into a chair.

“ Of what am I accused ? ” he demanded, in a voice tremulous with rage and terror.

“ You shall learn presently,” replied Catesby. And he motioned to Fawkes to remove Viviana.

“ Let me remain,” she cried, fiercely. “ My nature is changed, and is become as savage as your own. If blood must be spilt, I will tarry to look upon it.”

“ This is no place for you, dear daughter,” interposed Garnet.

“ Nor for you either, father,” retorted Viviana, bitterly ; “ unless you will act as a minister of Christ, and prevent this violence.”

“ Let her remain, if she will,” observed Catesby. “ Her presence need not hinder our proceedings.”

So saying, he seated himself opposite Tresham, while the two priests placed themselves on either side. Guy Fawkes took up a position on the left of the prisoner, with his drawn dagger in his hand, and Keyes stationed himself near the door. The unfortunate captive regarded them with terrified glances, and trembled in every limb.

“ Thomas Tresham,” commenced Catesby, in a stern voice, “ you are a sworn brother in our plot. Before I proceed further, I will ask you what should be his punishment who violates his oath, and betrays his confederates ? We await your answer ? ”

But Tresham remained obstinately silent.

“ I will tell you, since you refuse to speak,”

continued Catesby. "It is death—death by the hands of his associates."

"It may be," replied Tresham; "but I have neither broken my oath, nor betrayed you."

"Your letter to Lord Mounteagle is in my possession," replied Catesby. "Behold it!"

"Perdition!" exclaimed Tresham. "But you will not slay me? I have betrayed nothing. I have revealed nothing. On my soul's salvation, I have not! Spare me! spare me! and I will be a faithful friend in future. I have been indiscreet—I own it—but nothing more. I have mentioned no names. And Lord Mounteagle, as you well know, is as zealous a Catholic as any now present."

"Your letter has been sent to the Earl of Salisbury," pursued Catesby, coldly. "It was from him I obtained it."

"Then Lord Mounteagle has betrayed me," returned Tresham, becoming pale as death.

"Have you nothing further to allege?" demanded Catesby. As Tresham made no answer, he turned to the others, and said, "Is it your judgment he should die?"

All, except Viviana, answered in the affirmative.

“Tresham,” continued Catesby, solemnly, “prepare to meet your fate like a man. And do you, father,” he added to Garnet, “proceed to shrive him.”

“Hold !” cried Viviana, stepping into the midst of them, — “hold !” she exclaimed, in a voice so authoritative, and with a look so commanding, that the whole assemblage were awe-stricken. “If you think to commit this crime with impunity, you are mistaken. I swear by everything sacred, if you take this man’s life, I will go forth instantly, and denounce you all to the Council. You may stare, sirs, and threaten me, but you shall find I will keep my word.”

“We must put her to death too,” observed Catesby, in an under tone to Fawkes, “or we shall have a worse enemy left than Tresham.”

“I cannot consent to it,” replied Fawkes.

“If you mistrust this person, why not place him in restraint ?” pursued Viviana. “You will not mend matters by killing him.”

“ She says well,” observed Garnet ; “ let us put him in some place of security.”

“ I am agreed,” replied Fawkes.

“ And I,” added Keyes.

“ My judgment, then, is overruled,” rejoined Catesby. “ But I will not oppose you. We will imprison him in the vault beneath this chamber.”

“ He must be without light,” said Garnet.

“ And without arms,” added Keyes.

“ And without food,” muttered Catesby. “ He has only exchanged one death for another.”

The flag was then raised, and Tresham thrust into the vault, after which it was restored to its former position.

“ I have saved you from the lesser crime,” cried Viviana to Guy Fawkes ; “ and, with Heaven’s grace, I trust to preserve you from the greater ! ”

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE PREVENTED.

VIVIANA having retired to her chamber, apparently to rest, a long and anxious consultation was held by the conspirators as to the next steps to be pursued. Garnet was of opinion that, as the Earl of Salisbury was aware of a conspiracy against the state being on foot among the Catholics, their project ought to be deferred, if not altogether abandoned.

“ We are sure to be discovered,” he said. “ Arrests without end will take place. And such rigorous measures will be adopted by the Earl, such inquiries instituted, that all will infallibly be brought to light. Besides, we know not what Tresham may have revealed. He denies having betrayed our secret, but no credit can be attached to his assertions.”

“Shall we examine him again, father,” cried Catesby, “and wring the truth from him by threats or torture?”

“No, my son,” replied Garnet; “let him remain where he is till morning. A night of solitary confinement, added to the stings of his own guilty conscience, is likely to produce a stronger effect upon him than any torments we could inflict. He shall be interrogated strictly to-morrow, and, I will answer for it, will make a full confession. But even if he has revealed nothing material, there exists another and equally serious ground of alarm. I allude to your meeting with the Earl on the river. I should be the last to counsel bloodshed. But if ever it could be justified, it might have been so in this case.”

“I would have slain him if I had had my own way,” returned Catesby, with a fierce and reproachful look at Fawkes.

“If I have done wrong, I will speedily repair my error,” observed the latter. “Do you desire his death, father? and will you absolve me from the deed?” he added, turning to Garnet.

“It is better as it is,” replied Garnet, making a gesture in the negative. “I would not have our high and holy purpose stained by common slaughter. The power that delivered him into your hands, and stayed them, no doubt preserved him for the general sacrifice. My first fear was lest, having noticed the barrels of powder within the boat, he might have suspected your design. But I am satisfied his eyes were blinded, and his reason benighted, so that he could discern nothing.”

“Such was my own opinion, father,” replied Fawkes. “Let us observe the utmost caution, but proceed at all hazards with the enterprise. If we delay, we fail.”

“Right,” returned Catesby; “and for that counsel I forgive you for standing between me and our enemy.”

Upon this, it was agreed that if nothing occurred in the interim, more powder should be transported to the habitation in Westminster on the following night,—that Fawkes and Catesby, who might be recognized by Salisbury’s description, should keep close house during the day,—

and that the rest of the conspirators should be summoned to assist in digging the mine. Prayers were then offered up by the two priests for their preservation from peril, and for success in their enterprise ; after which, they threw themselves on benches or seats, and courted slumber. All slept soundly except Fawkes, who, not being able to close his eyes, from an undefinable apprehension of danger, arose, and cautiously opening the door, kept watch outside.

Shortly afterwards, Viviana, who had waited till all was quiet, softly descended the stairs, and, shading her light, gazed timorously round. Satisfied she was not observed, she glided swiftly and noiselessly to the fire-place, and endeavoured to raise the flag. But it resisted all her efforts, and she was about to abandon the attempt in despair, when she perceived a bolt on one side, that had escaped her notice. Hastily withdrawing it, she experienced no further difficulty. The stone revolved on hinges like a trap-door, and lifting it, she hurried down the steps.

Alarmed by her approach, Tresham had retreated to the further end of the vault, and

snatching up a halbert from the pile of weapons, cried, in a voice of desperation—

“Stand off! I am armed, and have severed my bonds. Off, I say! You shall not take me with life.”

“Hush!” cried Viviana, putting her finger to her lips, “I am come to set you free.”

“Do I behold an inhabitant of this world?” cried Tresham, crossing himself, and dropping the halbert, “or some blessed saint? Ah!” he exclaimed, as she advanced towards him, “it is Viviana Radcliffe — my preserver. Pardon, sweet lady. My eyes were dazzled by the light, and your sudden appearance and speech, — and I might almost say looks, — made me think you were some supernatural being come to deliver me from these bloody-minded men. Where are they?”

“In the room above,” she replied, in a whisper, — “asleep, — and if you speak so loud you will arouse them.”

“Let us fly without a moment’s delay,” returned Tresham in the same tone, and hastily picking up a rapier and a dagger.

“ Stay ! ” cried Viviana, arresting him. “ Before you go, you must tell me what you are about to do.”

“ We will talk of that when we are out of this accursed place,” he replied.

“ You shall not stir a footstep,” she rejoined, placing herself resolutely between him and the outlet, “ till you have sworn neither to betray your confederates, nor to do them injury.”

“ May Heaven requite me, if I forgive them ! ” cried Tresham between his ground teeth.

“ Remember ! — you are yet in their power,” she rejoined. “ One word from me, and they are at your side. Swear ! — and swear solemnly, or you do not quit this spot.”

Tresham gazed at her fiercely, and griped his dagger, as if determined to free himself at any cost.

“ Ah ! ” she ejaculated, noticing the movement, “ you are indeed a traitor. You have neither sense of honour nor gratitude, and I leave you to your fate. Attempt to follow me, and I give the alarm.”

“ Forgive me, Viviana,” he cried, abjectly

prostrating himself at her feet, and clinging to the hem of her dress. "I meant only to terrify you; I would not injure you for worlds. Do not leave me with these ruthless cut-throats. They will assuredly murder me. Do not remain with them yourself, or you will come to some dreadful end. Fly with me, and I will place you beyond their reach — will watch over your safety. Or, if you are resolved to brave their fury, let me go, and I will take any oath you propose. As I hope for salvation I will not betray them."

"Peace!" cried Viviana, contemptuously. "If I set you free, it is not to save you, but them."

"What mean you?" asked Tresham, hesitating.

"Question me not, but follow," she rejoined, "and tread softly, as you value your life."

Tresham needed no caution on this head, and as they emerged from the trap-door in breathless silence, and he beheld the figures of his sleeping foes, he could scarcely muster sufficient courage to pass through them. Motioning him to proceed quickly, Viviana moved towards the door,

and to her surprise found it unfastened. Without pausing to consider whence this neglect could arise, she opened it, and Tresham, who trembled in every limb, and walked upon the points of his feet, stepped forth. As he crossed the threshold, however, a powerful grasp was laid upon his shoulder, and a drawn sword presented to his breast, while the voice of Fawkes thundered in his ear, "Who goes there? Speak, or I strike."

While the fugitive, not daring to answer, lest his accents should betray him, endeavoured vainly to break away, Viviana, hearing the struggle, threw open the door, and exclaimed, "It is Tresham. I set him free."

"You!" cried Fawkes, in astonishment. "Wherefore?"

"In the hope that his escape would induce you to abandon your design, and seek safety in flight," she rejoined. "But you have thwarted my purpose."

Fawkes made no reply, but thrust Tresham forcibly into the house, and called to Catesby, who by this time had been roused with the

others, to close and bar the door. The command was instantly obeyed, and as Catesby turned, a strange and fearful group met his view. In the midst stood Tresham, his haggard features and palsied frame bespeaking the extremity of his terror. His sword having been beaten from his grasp by Fawkes, and his dagger wrested from him by Keyes, he was utterly defenceless. Viviana had placed herself between him and his assailants, and screening him from their attack, cried,

“Despatch me. The fault is mine—mine only—and I am ready to pay the penalty. Had I not released him, he would not have attempted to escape. I am the rightful victim.”

“She speaks the truth,” gasped Tresham. “If she had not offered to liberate me, I should never have thought of flying. Would to Heaven I had never yielded to her solicitations!”

“Peace, craven hound!” exclaimed Fawkes, furiously; “you deserve to die for your meanness and ingratitude, if not for your treachery. And it is for this miserable wretch, Viviana,” he added, turning to her, “that you would have

placed your friends in such fearful jeopardy,—it is for him, who would sacrifice you without scruple to save himself, that you now offer your own life?”

“ I deserve your reproaches,” she rejoined, in confusion.

“ Had I not fortunately intercepted him,” pursued Fawkes, “ an hour would not have elapsed ere he would have returned with the officers ; and we should have changed this dwelling for a dungeon in the Tower,—these benches for the rack.”

“ In pity stab me !” cried Viviana, falling at his feet. “ But oh ! do not wound me with your words. I have committed a grievous wrong ; but I was ignorant of the consequences ; and, as I hope for mercy hereafter, my sole motive, beyond compassion for this wretched man, was to terrify you into relinquishing your dreadful project.”

“ You have acted wrongfully,—very wrongfully, Viviana,” interposed Garnet : “ but since you are fully convinced of your error, no more need be said. There are seasons when the heart

must be closed against compassion, and when mercy becomes injustice. Go to your chamber, and leave us to deal with this unhappy man."

"To-morrow you must quit us," observed Fawkes, as she passed him.

"Quit you!" she exclaimed. "I will never offend again."

"I will not trust you," replied Fawkes, "unless—but it is useless to impose restrictions upon you, which you will not—perhaps, cannot observe."

"Impose any restrictions you please," replied Viviana. "But do not bid me leave you."

"The time is come when we *must* separate," rejoined Fawkes. "See you not that the course we are taking is slippery with blood, and beset with perils which the firmest of your sex could not encounter?"

"I will encounter them nevertheless," replied Viviana. "Be merciful," she added, pointing to Tresham, "and mercy shall be shown you in your hour of need." And she slowly withdrew.

While this was passing, Catesby addressed a few words aside to Keyes and Oldcorne, and now

stepping forward, and fixing his eye steadily upon the prisoner, to note the effect of his speech upon him, said,

“ I have devised a plan by which the full extent of Tresham’s treachery can be ascertained.”

“ You do not mean to torture him, I trust ? ” exclaimed Garnet, uneasily.

“ No, father,” replied Catesby. “ If torture is inflicted at all, it will be upon the mind, not the body.”

“ Then it will be no torture,” observed Garnet. “ State your plan, my son.”

“ It is this,” returned Catesby. “ He shall write a letter to Lord Mountcagle, stating that he has important revelations to make to him, and entreating him to come hither unattended.”

“ Here ! ” exclaimed Fawkes.

“ Here,” repeated Catesby ; “ and alone. We will conceal ourselves in such manner that we may overhear what passes between them, and if any attempt is made by the villain to betray our presence, he shall be immediately shot. By this means we cannot fail to elicit the truth.”

“ I approve your plan, my son,” replied Garnet; “ but who will convey the letter to Lord Mounteagle ? ”

“ I will,” replied Fawkes. “ Let it be prepared at once, and the case will be thought the more urgent. I will watch him, and see that he comes unattended, or give you timely warning.”

“ Enough,” rejoined Garnet. “ Let writing materials be procured, and I will dictate the letter.”

Tresham, meanwhile, exhibited no misgiving; but, on the contrary, his countenance brightened up as the plan was approved.

“ My life will be spared if you find I have not deceived you, will it not ? ” he asked, in a supplicating voice.

“ Assuredly,” replied Garnet.

“ Give me pen and ink, then,” he cried, “ and I will write whatever you desire.”

“ Our secret is safe,” whispered Catesby to Garnet. “ It is useless to test him further.”

“ I think so,” replied Garnet. “ Would we had made this experiment sooner ! ”

“Do not delay, I entreat you,” implored Tresham. “I am eager to prove my innocence.”

“We are satisfied with the proof we have already obtained,” returned Garnet.

Tresham dropped on his knees in speechless gratitude.

“We are spared the necessity of being your executioners, my son,” pursued Garnet, “and I rejoice at it. But I cannot acquit you of the design to betray us; and till you have unburthened your whole soul to me, and proved by severe and self-inflicted penance that you are really penitent, you must remain a captive within these walls.”

“I will disguise nothing from you, father,” replied Tresham, “and will strive to expiate my offence by the severest penance you choose to inflict.”

“Do this, my son,” rejoined Garnet; “leave no doubt of your sincerity, and you may be yet restored to the place you have forfeited, and become a sharer in our great enterprise.”

“ I will never trust him more,” observed Fawkes.

“ Nor I,” added Keyes.

“ *I* will,” rejoined Catesby : “ not that I have more faith in him than either of you ; but I will so watch him that he shall not dare to betray us. Nay, more,” he added, in an under tone to Garnet, “ I will turn his treachery to account. He will be a useful spy upon our enemies.”

“ If he can be relied on,” observed Garnet.

“ After this, you need have no fears,” rejoined Catesby, with a significant smile.

“ The first part of your penance, my son,” said Garnet, addressing Tresham, “ shall be to pass the night in solitary vigil and prayer within the vault. Number your transgressions, and reflect upon their enormity. Consider not only the injury your conduct might have done us, but the holy church of which you are so sinful a member. Weigh over all this, and to-morrow I will hear your confession ; when, if I find you in a state of grace, absolution shall not be refused.”

Tresham humbly bowed his head in token of acquiescence. He was then led to the vault, and the flag closed over him, as before. This done, after a brief conversation, the others again stretched themselves on the floor, and sought repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MINE.

SOME days elapsed before the conspirators ventured forth from their present abode. They had intended to remove the rest of the powder without loss of time, but were induced to defer their purpose on the representations of Tresham, who stated to Garnet, that in his opinion they would run a great and needless risk. Before the expiration of a week, Tresham's apparent remorse for his perfidy, added to his seeming zeal, had so far reinstated him in the confidence of his associates, that he was fully absolved of his offence by Garnet; and, after taking fresh oaths of even greater solemnity than the former, was again admitted to the league. Catesby, however, who placed little faith in his protes-

tations, never lost sight of him for an instant, and, even if he meditated an escape, he had no opportunity of effecting it.

A coldness, stronger on his side than hers, seemed to have arisen between Viviana and Guy Fawkes. Whenever she descended to the lower room he withdrew on some excuse; and though he never urged her departure by words, his looks plainly bespoke that he desired it. Upon one occasion, she found him alone,—the others being at the time within the vault. He was whetting the point of his dagger, and did not hear her approach, until she stood beside him. He was slightly confused, and a deep ruddy stain flushed his swarthy cheeks and brow; but he averted his gaze, and continued his occupation in silence.

“Why do you shun me?” asked Viviana, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. And, as he did not answer, she repeated the question in a broken voice. Guy Fawkes then looked up, and perceived that her eyes were filled with tears.

“I shun you, Viviana, for two reasons,” he replied gravely, but kindly; “first, because I

would have no ties of sympathy to make me cling to the world, or care for it; and I feel that if I suffer myself to be interested about you, this will not long be the case: secondly, and chiefly, because you are constantly striving to turn me from my fixed purpose; and, though your efforts have been, and will be unavailing, yet I would not be exposed to them further."

"You fear me, because you think I shall shake your resolution," she rejoined, with a forced smile. "But I will trouble you no more. Nay, if you wish it, I will go."

"It were better," replied Fawkes, in accents of deep emotion, and taking her hand. "Painful as will be the parting with you, I shall feel more easy when it is over. It grieves me to the soul to see you—the daughter of the proud, the wealthy Sir William Radcliffe,—an inmate of this wretched abode, surrounded by desperate men, whose actions you disapprove, and whose danger you are compelled to share. Think how it would add to my suffering if our plot—which Heaven avert—should be discovered, and you be involved in it."

“Do not think of it,” replied Viviana.

“I cannot banish it from my thoughts,” continued Fawkes. “I cannot reconcile it to my feelings that one so young, so beautiful, should be thus treated. Dwelling on this idea unmans me—unfits me for sterner duties. The great crisis is at hand, and I must live only for it.”

“Live for it, then,” rejoined Viviana; “but oh! let me remain with you till the blow is struck. Something tells me I may yet be useful to you—may save you.”

“No more of this, if you would indeed remain,” rejoined Guy Fawkes, sternly. “Regard me as a sword in the hand of fate, which cannot be turned aside,—as a bolt launched from the cloud, and shattering all in its course, which may not be stopped,—as something terrible, exterminating, immoveable. Regard me as this, and say whether I am not to be shunned.”

“No,” replied Viviana; “I am as steadfast as yourself. I will remain.”

Guy Fawkes gazed at her in surprise mixed with admiration, and pressing her hand affectionately, said,

"I applaud your resolution. If I had a daughter, I should wish her to be like you."

"You promised to be a father to me," she rejoined. "How can you be so if I leave you?"

"How *can* I be so if you stay?" returned Fawkes, mournfully. "No ; you must indulge no filial tenderness for one so utterly unable to requite it as myself. Fix your thoughts wholly on Heaven. Pray for the restoration of our holy religion—for the success of the great enterprise—and haply your prayers may prevail."

"I cannot pray for that," she replied ; "for I do not wish it success. But I will pray—and fervently—that all danger may be averted from your head."

At this moment, Catesby and Keyes emerged from the vault, and Viviana hurried to her chamber.

As soon as it grew dark, the remaining barrels of powder were brought out of the cellar, and carefully placed in the boat. Straw was then heaped upon them, and the whole covered with a piece of tarpaulin, as upon the former occasion.

It being necessary to cross the river more than once, the conduct of the first and most hazardous passage was intrusted to Fawkes, and accompanied by Keyes and Bates, both of whom were well armed, he set out a little before midnight. It was a clear starlight night ; but, as the moon had not yet risen, they were under no apprehension of discovery. The few craft they encountered, bent probably on some suspicious errand like themselves, paid no attention to them ; and plying their oars swiftly, they shot under the low parapet edging the gardens of the Parliament House, just as the deep bell of the Abbey tolled forth the hour of twelve. Keeping in the shade, they silently approached the stairs. No one was there, not even a waterman to attend to the numerous wherries moored to the steps ; and, without losing a moment, they sprang ashore, and concealing the barrels beneath their cloaks, glided like phantoms summoned by the witching hour along the passage formed by two high walls, leading to Old Palace Yard, and speedily reached the gate of the habitation. In this way, and with the utmost rapidity, the whole of the fear-

ful cargo was safely deposited in the garden ; and leaving the others to carry it into the house, Guy Fawkes returned to the boat. As he was about to push off, two persons rushed to the stair-head, and the foremost, evidently mistaking him for a waterman, called to him to take them across the river.

“ I am no waterman, friend,” replied Fawkes ; “ and am engaged on business of my own. Seek a wherry elsewhere.”

“ By heaven !” exclaimed the new-comer, in accents of surprise, “ it is Guy Fawkes. Do you not know me ?”

“ Can it be Humphrey Chetham ?” cried Fawkes, equally astonished.

“ It is,” replied the other. “ This meeting is most fortunate. I was in search of you, having somewhat of importance to communicate to Viviana.”

“ State it quickly, then,” returned Fawkes ; “ I cannot tarry here much longer.”

“ I will go with you,” rejoined Chetham, springing into the boat, and followed by his companion. “ You must take me to her.”

“Impossible,” cried Fawkes, rising angrily ; “neither can I permit you to accompany me. I am busied about my own concerns, and will not be interrupted.”

“At least, tell me where I can find Viviana,” persisted Chetham.

“Not now—not now,” rejoined Fawkes, impatiently. “Meet me to-morrow night, at this hour, in the Great Sanctuary, at the farther side of the Abbey, and you shall learn all you desire to know.”

“Why not now?” rejoined Chetham, earnestly. “You need not fear me. I am no spy, and will reveal nothing.”

“But your companion?” hesitated Fawkes.

“It is only Martin Heydocke,” answered Chetham. “He can keep a close tongue as well as his master.”

“Well, sit down, then,” returned Fawkes, sullenly. “There will be less risk in taking them to Lambeth,” he muttered, “than in loitering here.” And rowing with great swiftness, he soon gained the centre of the stream.

“And so,” he observed, resting for a moment

on his oars, "you still cherish your attachment to Viviana, I see. Nay, never start, man. I am no enemy to your suit, though others may be. And if she would place herself at my disposal, I would give her to you, — certain that it would be to one upon whom her affections are fixed."

"Do you think any change likely to take place in her sentiments towards me?" faltered Chetham. "May I indulge a hope?"

"I would not have you despair," replied Fawkes. "Because, as far as I have noticed, women are not apt to adhere to their resolutions in matters of the heart; and because, as I have just said, she loves you, and I see no reasonable bar to your union."

"You give me new life," cried Chetham, transported with joy. "Oh! that you, who have so much influence with her, would speak in my behalf."

"Nay, you must plead your own cause," replied Fawkes. "I cannot hold out much hope at present; for recent events have cast a deep gloom over her spirit, and she appears to be a prey to melancholy. Let this wear off, — and

with one so young and so firm-minded, it is sure to do so, — and then your suit may be renewed. Urge it when you may, you have my best wishes for success, and shall have my warmest efforts to second you.”

Humphrey Chetham murmured his thanks in accents almost unintelligible from emotion, and Guy Fawkes continued,

“ It would be dangerous for you to disembark with me ; but when I put you ashore, I will point out the dwelling at present occupied by Viviana. You can visit it as early as you please to-morrow. You will find no one with her but Father Oldcorne, and I need scarcely add, it will gladden me to the heart to find on my return that she has yielded to your entreaties.”

“ I cannot thank you,” cried Chetham, warmly grasping his hand ; “ but I hope to find some means of evincing my gratitude.”

“ Prove it by maintaining the strictest secrecy as to all you may see or hear, — or even suspect, — within the dwelling you are about to visit,” returned Guy Fawkes. “ Knowing that I am

dealing with a man of honour, I require no stronger obligation than your word."

"You have it," replied Chetham, solemnly.

"Your worship shall have my oath, if you desire it," remarked Martin Heydocke.

"No," rejoined Fawkes; "your master will answer for your fidelity."

Shortly after this, Guy Fawkes pulled ashore, and his companions landed. After pointing out the solitary habitation, which possessed greater interest in Humphrey Chetham's eyes than the proud structures he had just quitted, and extracting a promise that the young merchant would not approach it till the morrow, he rowed off, and while the others proceeded to Lambeth in search of a lodging for the night, made the best of his way to the little creek, and entered the house.

He found the other conspirators anxiously awaiting his arrival, and the certainty afforded by his presence that the powder had been landed in safety gave general satisfaction. Preparations were immediately made for another voyage. A large supply of provisions, consisting of baked meat of various kinds, hard-boiled eggs, pasties,

bread, and other viands, calculated to serve for a week's consumption, without the necessity of having recourse to any culinary process, and which had been previously procured with that view, together with a few flasks of wine, occupied the place in the boat lately assigned to the powder. At the risk of overloading the vessel, they likewise increased its burthen by a quantity of mining implements — spades, pickaxes, augers, and wrenching irons. To these were added as many swords, calivers, pikes, and petronels, as the space left would accommodate. Garnet and Catesby then embarked, — the former having taken an affectionate farewell of Viviana, whom he committed, with the strictest injunction to watch over her, to the care of Father Oldcorne. Guy Fawkes lingered for a moment, doubting whether he should mention his rencounter with Humphrey Chetham. He was the more undecided from the deep affliction in which she was plunged. At last, he determined upon slightly hinting at the subject, and to be guided as to what he said further by the manner in which the allusion was received.

“ And you decide upon remaining here till we return, Viviana ? ” he said.

She made a sign in the affirmative.

“ And you will see no one ? ”

“ No one,” she answered.

“ But, should any old friend find his way hither — Humphrey Chetham, for instance—will you not receive him ? ”

“ Why do you single out *him* ? ” demanded Viviana, inquiringly. “ Is he in London ? Have you seen him ? ”

“ I have,” replied Guy Fawkes ; “ I accidentally met him to-night, and have shown him this dwelling. He will come hither to-morrow.”

“ I wanted only this to make me thoroughly wretched,” cried Viviana, clasping her hands with anguish. “ Oh ! what unhappy chance threw him across your path ? Why did you tell him I was here ? Why give him a hope that I would see him ? But I will *not* see him. I will quit this house rather than be exposed to the meeting.”

“ What means this sudden excitement, Viviana ? ” cried Guy Fawkes, greatly surprised

by her agitation. "Why should a visit from Humphrey Chetham occasion you uneasiness?"

"I know not," she answered, blushing deeply; "but I will not hazard it."

"I thought you superior to your sex," rejoined Fawkes, "and should never have suspected you of waywardness or caprice."

"You charge me with failings that do not belong to me," she answered. "I am neither wayward nor capricious, but I would be willingly spared the pain of an interview with one whom I thought I loved."

"Thought you loved!" echoed Fawkes, in increased astonishment.

"Ay, *thought*," repeated Viviana, "for I have since examined my heart, and find he has no place in it."

"You might be happy with him, Viviana," rejoined Fawkes, reproachfully.

"I *might* have been," she replied, "had circumstances favoured our union. But I should not be so now. Recent events have wrought an entire change in my feelings. Were I to aban-

don my resolution of retiring to a cloister,—were I to return to the world,—and were such an event possible as that Humphrey Chetham should conform to the faith of Rome,—still, I would not,—could not wed him.”

“ I grieve to hear it,” replied Fawkes.

“ Would *you* have me wed him ?” she cried, in a slightly-mortified tone.

“ In good sooth would I,” replied Fawkes ; “ and I repeat my firm conviction you would be happier with him than with one more highly born, and of less real worth.”

Viviana made no reply, and her head declined upon her bosom.

“ You will see him,” pursued Fawkes, taking her hand, “ if only to tell him what you have just told me.”

“ Since you desire it, I will,” she replied, fixing a look of melancholy tenderness upon him ; “ but it will cost me a bitter pang.”

“ I would not tax you with it, if I did not think it needful,” returned Fawkes. “ And now, farewell.”

“Farewell, — it may be, for ever,” replied Viviana, sadly.

“The boat is ready, and the tide ebbing,” cried Catesby, impatiently, at the door. “We shall be aground if you tarry longer.”

“I come,” replied Fawkes. And, waving an adieu to Viviana, he departed.

“Strange !” he muttered to himself, as he took his way to the creek. “I could have sworn she was in love with Humphrey Chetham. Who can have superseded him in her regard? Not Catesby, of a surety. ’Tis a perplexing sex. The best are fickle. Heaven be praised ! I have long been proof against their wiles.”

Thus musing, he sprang into the skiff, and assisting Catesby to push it into deep water, seized an oar, and exerted himself stoutly to make up for lost time. The second voyage was as prosperous as the first. A thick veil of cloud had curtained the stars ; the steps were deserted as before ; and the provisions, arms, and implements were securely conveyed to their destination.

Thus far fortune seemed to favour their un-

dertaking, and Garnet, falling on his knees, offered up the most fervent thanksgivings. Prayers over, they descended to the cellar, and their first care was to seek out a place as free from damp as possible, where the powder could be deposited till the excavation, which it was foreseen would be a work of time and great labour, was completed. A dry corner being found, the barrels were placed in it, and carefully concealed with billets of wood and coals, so as to avert suspicion in case of search. This, with other arrangements, occupied the greater part of the night, and the commencement of the important undertaking was deferred till the morrow, when an increase of their party was anticipated.

Throughout the whole of the day no one stirred forth. The windows were kept closed; the doors locked; and, as no fires were lighted, the house had the appearance of being uninhabited. In the course of the morning they underwent considerable alarm. Some mischievousurchins having scaled the garden wall, one of them fell within it, and his cries so terrified his play-

mates that they dropped on the other side, and left him. The conspirators reconnoitred the unhappy urchin, who continued his vociferations in a loud key, through the holes in the shutters, uncertain what to do, and fearing that this trifling mischance might lead to serious consequences, when the subject of their uneasiness relieved them by scrambling up the wall near the door, and so effecting a retreat. With this exception, nothing material occurred till evening, when their expected associates arrived.

The utmost caution was observed in admitting them. The new-comers were provided with a key of the garden-gate, but a signal was given and repeated before the house-door was opened by Bates, to whom the office of porter was intrusted. As soon as the latter had satisfied himself that all was right by unmasking a dark lantern, and throwing its radiance upon the faces of the elder Wright, Rookwood, and Percy, he stamped his foot thrice, and the conspirators emerged from their hiding-places. A warm greeting passed between the confederates, and

they adjourned to a lower chamber, adjoining the vault, where the sound of their voices could not be overheard, and where, while partaking of a frugal meal—for they desired to eke out their store of provisions as long as possible,—they discoursed upon their plans, and all that had occurred since their last meeting. Nothing was said of the treachery of Tresham,—his recent conduct, as already observed, having been such as to restore him in a great degree to the confidence of his companions. Percy, whose office as a gentleman-pensioner gave him the best opportunities of hearing court-whispers and secrets, informed them it was rumoured that the Earl of Salisbury had obtained a clue to some Catholic plot, whether their own he could not say; but it would seem from all that could be gathered, that his endeavours to trace it out had been frustrated.

“Where is Lord Mounteagle?” demanded Catesby.

“At his mansion near Hoxton,” replied Percy.

“Have you observed him much about the court of late, or with the Earl of Salisbury?” pursued Catesby.

“No,” replied Percy. “Yet now, I bethink me, I did observe them together, and in earnest conversation about a week ago. But Lord Mounteagle knows nothing of *our* plot.”

“Hum!” exclaimed Catesby, shrugging his shoulders, while significant looks were exchanged by the others, and Tresham hung his head. “Lord Mounteagle may not know that you or I, or Fawkes, or Rookwood, are conspiring against the state, but he knows that a plot is hatching amongst our party. It is from him that the Earl of Salisbury derived his information.”

“Amazement!” exclaimed Percy.

“A good Catholic, and betray his fellows!” cried Rookwood: “this passes my comprehension. Are you sure of it?”

“Unhappily we are so, my son,” replied Garnet, gravely.

“We will speak of this hereafter,” interposed Catesby. “I have a plan to get his lordship

into our power, and make him serve our purposes in spite of himself. We will outwit the crafty Salisbury. Can any one tell if Tresham's sudden disappearance has been noticed?"

"His household report that he is on a visit to Sir Everard Digby, at Gothurst," replied Rookwood. "I called at his residence yesterday, and was informed that a letter had just been received from him dated from that place. His departure, they said, was sudden, but his letter fully accounted for it."

"The messenger who bore that letter had only to travel from Lambeth," observed Catesby, smiling.

"So I conclude," returned Rookwood.

"And, now that our meal is ended, let us to work," cried Fawkes, who had taken no part in the foregoing conversation. "I will strike the first blow," he added, rising and seizing a mattock.

"Hold, my son!" exclaimed Garnet, arresting him. "The work upon which the redemption of our holy church hangs must be commenced with due solemnity."

“You are right, father,” replied Fawkes, humbly.

Headed by Garnet, bearing a crucifix, they then repaired to the vault. A silver chalice, filled with holy water, was carried by Fawkes, and two lighted tapers by Catesby. Kneeling down before that part of the wall against which operations were about to be directed, and holding the crucifix towards it, Garnet commenced praying in a low but earnest tone, gradually raising his voice, and increasing in fervour as he proceeded. The others knelt around him, and the whole formed a strange and deeply-interesting group. The vault itself harmonized with its occupants. It was of great antiquity; and its solid stone masonry had acquired a time-worn hoary tint. In width it was about nine feet, and of corresponding height, supported by a semi-circular arch, and its length was more than twenty feet.

The countenances of the conspirators showed that they were powerfully moved by what was passing; but next to Garnet, Guy Fawkes exhibited the greatest enthusiasm. His exstatic

looks and gestures evinced the strong effect produced upon his superstitious character by the scene. Garnet concluded his prayer as follows :—

“ Thus far, O Lord, we have toiled in darkness and in difficulty ; but we have now arrived at a point where all thy support is needed. Do not desert us, we beseech thee, but let thy light guide us through these gloomy paths. Nerve our arms,—sharpen our weapons,—and crumble these hard and flinty stones, so that they may yield to our efforts. Aid our enterprise, if thou approvest it, and it be really, as in our ignorance we believe it to be, for the welfare of thy holy Church, and the confusion of its enemies. Bear witness, O Lord, that we devote ourselves wholly and entirely to this one end,—and that we implore success only for thy glory and honour.”

With this he arose, and the following strains were chanted by the whole assemblage :—

HYMN OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The heretic and heathen, Lord,
Consume with fire, cut down with sword ;

The spoilers from thy temples thrust,
Their altars trample in the dust.

False princes and false priests lay low,
Their habitations fill with woe.
Scatter them, Lord, with sword and flame,
And bring them utterly to shame.

Thy vengeful arm no longer stay,
Arise ! exterminate, and slay.
So shall thy fallen worship be
Restored to its prosperity.

This hymn raised the enthusiasm of the conspirators to the highest pitch, and such was the effect produced by it, as it rolled in sullen echoes along the arched roof of the vault, that several of them drew their swords, and crossed the blades, with looks of the most determined devotion to their cause. When it was ended, Garnet recited other prayers, and sprinkled holy water upon the wall, and upon every implement about to be used, bestowing a separate benediction on each. As he delivered the pick-axe to Guy Fawkes, he cried in a solemn voice,

“ Strike, my son, in the name of the Most High, and in behalf of our holy religion,— strike ! ”

Guy Fawkes raised the weapon, and stimulated by excitement, threw the whole strength of his arm into the blow. A large piece of the granite was chipped off, but the mattock snapped in twain. Guy Fawkes looked deeply disconcerted, and Garnet, though he concealed his emotion, was filled with dismay.

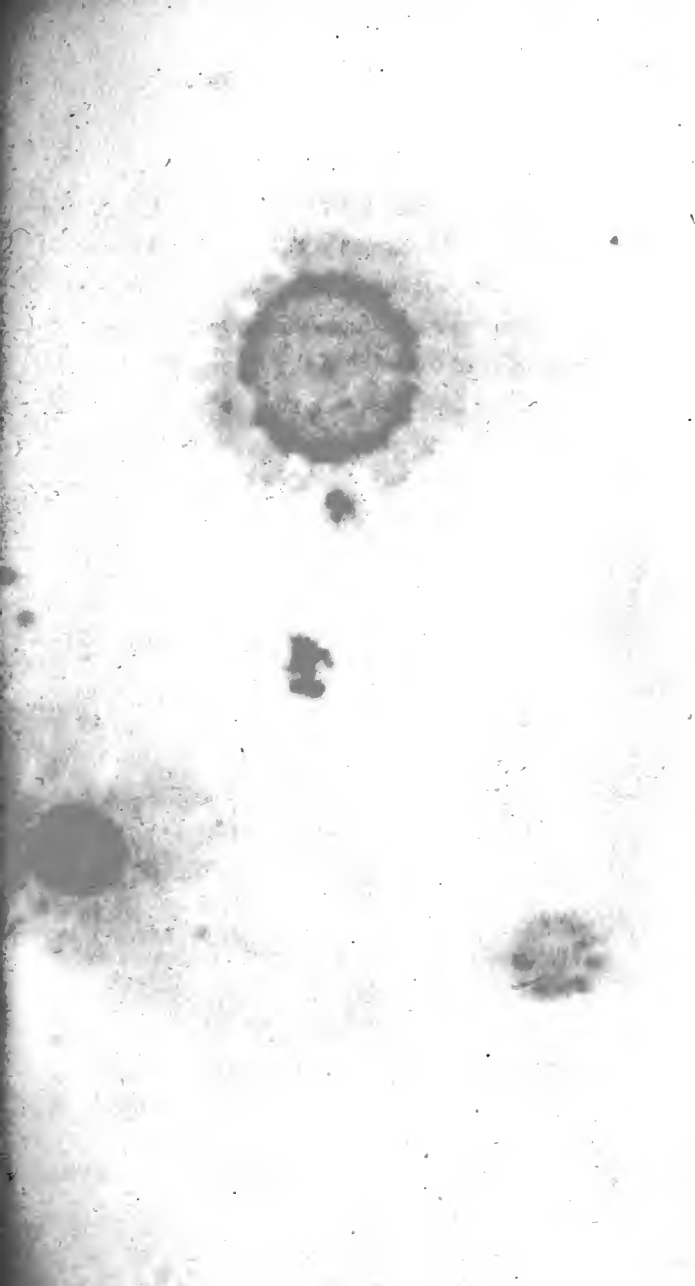
“Let me take your place,” cried Keyes, advancing, as Guy Fawkes retired.

Keyes was a powerful man, and exerting his energies, he buried the point of the pick-axe so deeply in the mortar, that he could not remove it unassisted. These untoward circumstances cast a slight damp upon their ardour ; but Catesby, who perceived it, went more cautiously to work, and in a short time succeeded with great labour in getting out the large stone upon which the others had expended so much useless exertion. The sight restored their confidence, and as many as could work in the narrow space joined him. But they found that their task was much more arduous than they had anticipated. More than an hour elapsed before they could loosen another stone, and though they

laboured with the utmost perseverance, relieving each other by turns, they had made but a small breach when morning arrived. The stones were as hard and unyielding as iron, and the mortar in some places harder than the stones.

After a few hours' rest, they resumed their task. Still, they made but small progress; and it was not until the third day that they had excavated a hole sufficiently wide and deep to admit one man within it. They were now arrived at a compost of gravel and flint stones; and if they had found their previous task difficult, what they had now to encounter was infinitely more so. Their implements made little or no impression on this unyielding substance, and though they toiled incessantly, the work proceeded with disheartening slowness. The stones and rubbish were conveyed at dead of night in hampers into the garden, and buried.

One night, when they were labouring as usual, Guy Fawkes, who was foremost in the excavation, thought he heard the tolling of a bell within the wall. He instantly suspended his task, and being





convinced that he was not deceived, crept out of the hole, and made a sign to the others to listen. Each had heard the awful sound before ; but as it was partially drowned by the noise of the pick-axe, it had not produced much impression upon them, as they attributed it to some vibration in the wall, caused by the echo of the blows. But it was now distinctly audible — deep, clear, slow, — like a passing bell, — but so solemn, so unearthly, that its tones froze the blood in their veins.

They listened for a while in speechless astonishment, scarcely daring to look at each other, and expecting each moment that the building would fall upon them, and bury them alive. The light of a single lantern placed upon an upturned basket fell upon figures rigid as statues, and countenances charged with awe.

“My arm is paralysed,” said Guy Fawkes, breaking silence ; “I can work no more.”

“Try holy water, father,” cried Catesby. “If it proceeds from aught of evil, that will quell it.”

The chalice containing the sacred lymph was brought, and pronouncing a solemn exorcism, Garnet sprinkled the wall.

The sound immediately ceased.

“It is as I thought, father,” observed Catesby ;
“it is the delusion of an evil spirit.”

As he spoke, the tolling of the mysterious bell was again heard, and more solemnly, — more slowly than before.

“Sprinkle the wall again, in Heaven’s name, father,” cried Fawkes, crossing himself devoutly.
“Avoid thee, Sathanas !”

Garnet complied, and throwing holy water upon the stones, the same result followed.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE OF VIVIANA.

ON the morning after his encounter with Guy Fawkes, Humphrey Chetham, accompanied by Martin Heydocke, took his way to Lambeth Marsh. With a throbbing heart he approached the miserable dwelling he knew to be inhabited by Viviana, and could scarcely summon courage to knock at the door. His first summons not being answered, he repeated it more loudly, and he then perceived the face of Father Oldcorne at the window, who, having satisfied himself that it was a friend, admitted him and his attendant.

“ You were expected, my son,” said the priest, after a friendly greeting. “ Guy Fawkes has prepared Viviana for your coming.”

“Will she not see me?” demanded the young merchant uneasily.

“I believe so,” replied Oldcorne. “But I will apprise her of your arrival. Be seated, my son.”

He then carefully fastened the door, and repaired to Viviana’s chamber, leaving Chetham in that state of tremor and anxiety which a lover, hoping to behold his mistress, only knows.

It was some time before Viviana appeared, and the young merchant, whose heart beat violently at the sound of her footstep, was startled by the alteration in her looks, and the extreme coldness of her manner. Oldcorne was with her, and motioning Martin Heydocke to follow him, the youthful pair were left alone.

“You desire to see me, I am given to understand, sir,” observed Viviana, in a freezing tone.

“I have journeyed to London for that express purpose,” replied Humphrey Chetham, tremulously.

“I am much beholden to you, sir,” returned Viviana, in the same repelling tone as before ;

“but I regret you should have taken so much trouble on my account.”

“To serve you is happiness, not trouble, Viviana,” replied Humphrey Chetham, ardently; “and I am overjoyed at finding an opportunity of proving my devotion.”

“I have yet to learn what service I must thank you for,” she returned.

“I can scarcely say that I am warranted in thus intruding upon you,” replied Chetham, greatly abashed; “but, having learnt from my servant, Martin Heydocke, that Doctor Dee had set out for London, with the view of seeking you out, and withdrawing you from your present associates, I was determined to be beforehand with him, and to acquaint you, if possible, with his intentions.”

“What you say surprises me,” replied Viviana. “Doctor Dee has no right to interfere with my actions. Nor should I obey him were he to counsel me, as is scarcely probable, to quit my companions.”

“I know not what connexion there may be

between you to justify the interposition of his authority," replied Chetham; "neither did I tarry to inquire. But presuming from what I heard, that he *would* attempt to exercise some control over you, I set out at once, and, without guide to your retreat, or the slightest knowledge of it, was fortunate enough, on the very night of my arrival in London, to chance upon Guy Fawkes, who directed me to you."

"I am aware of it," was the chilling answer.

"I will not avouch," pursued Chetham, passionately, "that I have not been actuated as much by an irrepressible desire to see you again, as by anxiety to apprise you of Doctor Dee's coming. I wanted only a slight excuse to myself to induce me to yield to my inclinations. Your departure made me wretched. I thought I had more control over myself. But I find I cannot live without you."

"Alas! alas!" cried Viviana, in a troubled tone, and losing all her self-command. "I expected this. Why—why did you come?"

"I have told you my motive," replied Chetham; "but, oh! do not reproach me!"

"I do not desire to do so," returned Viviana,

with a look of agony. "I bitterly reproach myself that I cannot meet you as of old. But I would rather—far rather have encountered Doctor Dee, had he come hither resolved to exert all his magical power to force me away, than have met you."

"Have I unwittingly offended you, Viviana?" asked Chetham, in astonishment.

"Oh! no—no—no!" she replied, "you have not offended me; but——"

"But what?" he cried, anxiously.

"I would rather have died than see you," she answered.

"I will not inquire wherefore," rejoined Chetham, "because I too well divine the cause. I am no longer what I was to you."

"Press this matter no further, I pray of you," returned Viviana, in much confusion, and blushing deeply. "I shall ever esteem you,—ever feel the warmest gratitude to you. And what matters it whether my heart is estranged from you or not, since I can never wed you?"

"What matters it?" repeated the young merchant, in accents of despair,—“it matters much.

Drowning love will cling to straws. The thought that I was beloved by you, though I could never hope to possess your hand, reconciled me in some degree to my fate. But now," he added, covering his face with his hands, — "now, my heart is crushed."

"Nay, say not so," cried Viviana, in a voice of the deepest emotion. "I *do* love you,—as a sister."

"That is small comfort," rejoined Chetham, bitterly. "I echo your own wish. Would we had never met again ! I might, at least, have deluded myself into the belief that you loved me."

"It would have been better so," she returned. "I would inflict pain on no one—far less on you, whom I regard so much, and to whom I owe so much."

"You owe me nothing, Viviana," rejoined Chetham. "All I desired was to serve you. In the midst of the dangers we have shared together, I felt no alarm except for your sake. I have done nothing—nothing. Would I had died for you !"

“Calm yourself, sir, I entreat you,” she returned.

“You did love me *once*?” demanded Chetham, suddenly.

“I thought so,” she answered.

The young merchant uttered an exclamation of anguish, and a mournful pause ensued, broken only by his groans.

“Answer me, Viviana,” he said, turning abruptly upon her, — “answer me, and, in mercy, answer truly, — do you love another?”

“It is a question I cannot answer,” she replied, becoming ashy pale.

“Your looks speak for you!” he vociferated, in a terrible tone, — “you do! His name? — his name? — that I may wreak my vengeance upon him.”

“Your violence terrifies me,” returned Viviana, withdrawing the hand he had seized. “I must put an end to this interview.”

“Pardon me, Viviana!” cried Chetham, falling on his knees before her — “in pity pardon me! I am not myself. I shall be calmer

presently. But if you knew the anguish of the wound you have inflicted, you would not add to it."

"Heaven knows I would not!" she returned, motioning him to rise. "And, if it will lighten your suffering, know that the love I feel for another—if love, indeed, it be,—is as hopeless as your own. But it is not a love of which even *you* could be jealous. It is a higher and a holier passion. It is affection mixed with admiration, and purified from all its grossness. It is more, perhaps, than the love of a daughter for her father—but it is nothing more. I shall never wed him I love—could not if I would. Nay, I would shun him, if I did not feel that the hour will soon come when the extent of my affection must be proved."

"This is strange sophistry," returned Chet-
ham; "and you may deceive yourself by it, but you cannot deceive me. You love as all ardent natures do love. But in what way do you mean to prove your affection?"

"Perhaps, by the sacrifice of my life," she answered.

“ I can tell you who is the object of your affections !” said Chetham. “ It is Guy Fawkes.”

“ I will not deny it,” replied Viviana ; “ he is.”

“ Hear me, then,” exclaimed Chetham, who appeared inexpressibly relieved by the discovery he had made ; “ in my passage across the river with him last night, our conversation turned on the one subject ever nearest my heart, yourself,—and Guy Fawkes not only bade me not despair, but promised to aid my suit.”

“ And he kept his word,” replied Viviana, “ for, while announcing your proposed visit, he urged me strongly in your behalf.”

“ Then he knows not of your love for him ?” demanded Chetham.

“ He not only knows it not, but never shall know it from me,—nor must he know it from you, sir,” rejoined Viviana, energetically.

“ Fear it not,” said Chetham, sighing. “ It is a secret I shall carefully preserve.”

“ And now that you are in possession of it,” she answered, “ I no longer feel your presence as a restraint. Let me still regard you as a friend.”

“Be it so,” replied Humphrey Chetham, mournfully; “and *as* a friend let me entreat you to quit this place, and abandon your present associates. I will not seek to turn your heart from Fawkes — nor will I try to regain the love I have lost. But let me implore you to pause ere you irretrievably mix yourself up with the fortunes of one so desperate. I am too well aware that he is engaged in a fearful plot against the state,—though I know not its precise nature.”

“You will not betray him?” she cried.

“I will not, though he is my rival,” returned Chetham. “But others may — nay, perhaps have done so already.”

“Whom do you suspect?” demanded Viviana, in the greatest alarm.

“I fear Doctor Dee,” replied the young merchant; “but I know nothing certainly. My servant, Martin Heydocke, who is in the Doctor’s confidence, intimated as much to me, and I have reason to think that his journey to town, under the pretext of searching for you, is undertaken for the purpose of tracing out the con-

spirators, and delivering them to the Government."

"Is he arrived in London?" inquired Viviana, eagerly.

"I should think not," returned Chetham. "I passed him, four days ago, on this side Leicester, in company with Kelley and Topcliffe."

"If the wretch Topcliffe, was with him, your conjectures are too well founded," she replied. "I must warn Guy Fawkes instantly of his danger."

"Command my services in any way," said Chetham.

"I know not what to do," cried Viviana, after a pause, during which she betrayed the greatest agitation. "I dare not seek him out;—and yet, if I do not, he may fall into the hands of the enemy. I must see him at all hazards."

"Suffer me to go with you," implored Chetham. "You may rely upon my secrecy. And now I have a double motive for desiring to preserve Fawkes."

"You are, indeed, truly noble-hearted and

generous," replied Viviana; "and I would fully confide in you. But, if you were to be seen by the others, you would be certainly put to death. Not even Fawkes could save you."

"I will risk it, if you desire it, and it will save *him*," replied the young merchant, devotedly. "Nay, I will go alone."

"That were to insure your destruction," she answered. "No—no—it must not be. I will consult with Father Oldcorne."

With this, she hurried out of the room, and returned in a short time with the priest.

"Father Oldcorne is of opinion that our friends must be apprized of their danger," she said. "And he thinks it needful we should both go to their retreat, that no hinderance may be offered to our flight, in case such a measure should be resolved upon."

"You cannot accompany us, my son," added Oldcorne; "for though I am as fully assured of your fidelity as Viviana, and would confide my life to you, there are those who will not so trust you, and who might rejoice in the opportunity of removing you."

“ Viviana !” exclaimed Chetham, looking entreatingly at her.

“ For my sake,—if not for your own,—do not urge this further,” she returned. “ There are already dangers and difficulties enow without adding to them. You would be safer amid a horde of robbers than amidst these men.”

“ And it is to such persons you commit yourself?” cried Chetham, reproachfully. “ Oh ! be warned by me, ere it is too late ! Abandon them !”

“ It is too late, already,” replied Viviana. “ The die is cast.”

“ Then I can only lament it,” returned Chetham, sadly. “ Suffer me, at least, to accompany you to some place near their retreat, that you may summon me in case of need.”

“ There can be no objection to that, Viviana,” observed Oldcorne ; “ provided Humphrey Chetham will promise not to follow us.”

“ Readily,” replied the young merchant.

“ I am unwilling to expose him to further risk on my account,” said Viviana. “ But be it as you will.”

It was then agreed, that they should not set out till nightfall, but proceed, as soon as it grew dark, to Lambeth, where Humphrey Chetham undertook to procure a boat for their conveyance across the river.

The hour of departure at length arrived. Viviana, who had withdrawn to her own room, appeared in her travelling habit, and was about to set forth with her companions, when they were all startled by a sudden and loud knocking at the door.

“We are discovered,” she cried. “Doctor Dee has found out our retreat.”

“Fear nothing,” rejoined Chetham, drawing his sword, while his example was imitated by Martin Heydocke; “they shall not capture you while I live.”

As he spoke, the knocking was repeated, and the door shaken so violently as to threaten to burst its fastenings.

“Extinguish the light,” whispered Chetham, “and let Father Oldcorne conceal himself. We have nothing to fear.”

“Where shall I fly?” cried Oldcorne despair-

ingly. "It will be impossible to raise the flag, and seek refuge in the vault."

"Fly to my room," cried Viviana. And finding he stood irresolute, as if paralysed with terror, she took his arm, and dragged him away. The next moment the door was burst open with a loud crash, and several armed men, with their swords drawn, followed by Topcliffe, and another middle-aged man, of slight stature, and rather under-sized, but richly dressed, and bearing all the marks of exalted rank, rushed into the room.

"You are my prisoner!" cried Topcliffe, rushing up to Chetham, who had planted himself, with Martin Heydocke, at the foot of the stairs. "I arrest you in the King's name!"

"You are mistaken in your man, sir," cried Chetham, fiercely. "I have committed no offence. Lay a hand upon me, at your peril!"

"How is this?" cried Topcliffe. "Humphrey Chetham here!"

"Ay," returned the young merchant, "you have fallen upon the wrong house."

"Not so, sir," replied Topcliffe. "I am satisfied from your presence that I am right."

Where *you* are, Viviana Radcliffe is not far off. Throw down your arms. You can offer no resistance to my force, and your zeal will not benefit your friends, while it will place your own safety in jeopardy."

But Chetham fiercely refused compliance, and after a few minutes' further parley, the soldiers were about to attack him, when Viviana opened a door above, and slowly descended the stairs. At her appearance the young merchant, seeing that further resistance would be useless, sheathed his sword, and she passed between him and Heydocke, and advanced towards the leaders of the band.

"What means this intrusion?" she asked.

"We are come in search of two Jesuit priests, whom we have obtained information are hidden here," replied Topcliffe;—"as well as of certain other Papists, disaffected against the state, for whose apprehension I hold a warrant."

"You are welcome to search the house," replied Viviana. "But there is no one within it except those you see."

As she said this, Chetham, who gazed earnestly

at her, caught her eye, and from a scarcely-perceptible glance, felt certain that the priest, through her agency, had effected his escape. But the soldiers had not waited for her permission to make the search. Rushing up stairs they examined the different chambers,—there were two small rooms besides that occupied by Viviana,—and found several of the priests' habiliments; but though they examined every corner with the minutest attention, sounded the walls, peered up the chimneys, underneath the bed, and into every place, likely and unlikely, they could find no other traces of those they sought, and were compelled to return to their leader with tidings of their ill success. Topcliffe, with another party, continued his scrutiny below, and discovering the moveable flag in the hearth, descended into the vault, where he made certain of discovering his prey. But no one was there; and, the powder and arms having been removed, he gained nothing by his investigations.

Meanwhile, his companion, — and evidently from his garb, and the deference paid him, though he was addressed by no title which could lead

to the absolute knowledge of his rank, his superior, — seated himself, and put many questions in a courteous but authoritative tone to Viviana respecting her residence in this solitary abode, — the names of her companions, — where they were, — and upon what scheme they were engaged. To none of these questions would she return an answer, and her interrogator, at last, losing patience, said,

“ I hold it my duty, to inform you that you will be carried before the Council, and if you continue thus obstinate, means will be taken — and those none of the gentlest — to extort the truth from you.”

“ You may apply the torture to me,” replied Viviana, firmly ; “ but it will wrest nothing from me.”

“ That remains to be seen,” replied the other ; “ I only trust you will not compel me to put my threat into execution.”

At this moment Topcliffe emerged from the vault, and the soldiers returned from their unsuccessful search above.

“ They have escaped us now,” remarked Top-

cliffe to his superior. "But I will conceal a party of men on the premises, who will be certain to capture them on their return."

Viviana uttered an exclamation of irrepressible uneasiness, which did not escape her auditors.

"I am right, you see," observed Topcliffe, significantly to his companion.

"You are so," replied the other.

As this was said, Viviana hazarded a look at Humphrey Chetham, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend. He saw that she wished him to make an effort to escape, that he might warn her companions, and regardless of the consequence, he prepared to obey her. While those around were engaged in a last fruitless search, he whispered his intentions to Martin Heydocke, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to put them in execution. It occurred sooner than he expected. Before quitting the premises, Topcliffe determined to visit the upper rooms himself, and he took several of the men with him.

Chetham would have made an attempt to liberate Viviana, but, feeling certain it would

be unsuccessful, he preferred obeying her wishes to his own inclinations. Topcliffe gone, he suddenly drew his sword,—for neither he nor Heydocke had been disarmed,—and rushing towards the door, struck down the man next it, and followed by his servant, passed through it before he could be intercepted. They both then flew at a swift pace towards the marshy fields, and, owing to the darkness and unstable nature of the ground, speedily distanced their pursuers.

Hearing the disturbance below, and guessing its cause, Topcliffe immediately descended. But he was too late; and though he joined in the pursuit, he was baffled like his attendants. Half an hour afterwards, he returned to the house with an angry and disappointed look.

“He has given us the slip,” he observed to his superior, who appeared exceedingly provoked by the young merchant’s flight; “but we will soon have him again.”

After giving directions to his men how to conceal themselves, Topcliffe informed his companion that he was ready to attend him. Viviana, who had remained motionless and silent during

the foregoing scene, was taken out of the house, and conducted towards the creek, in which lay a large wherry manned by four rowers. She was placed within it, and as soon as his superior was seated, Topcliffe inquired,

“Where will your lordship go first?”

“To the Star-Chamber,” was the answer.

At this reply, in spite of herself, Viviana could not repress a shudder.

“All is lost!” she mentally ejaculated.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CELLAR.

IT was long before the conspirators gained sufficient courage to recommence digging the mine. Whenever holy water was thrown upon the stones, the mysterious bell ceased tolling, but it presently began anew, and such was the appalling effect of the sound that it completely paralysed the listeners. Prayers were said by Garnet ; hymns sung by the others ; but all was of no avail. It continued to toll on with increased solemnity, unless checked by the same potent application as before.

The effect became speedily manifest in the altered looks and demeanour of the conspirators, and it was evident that if something was not done to arouse them, the enterprise would be

abandoned. Catesby, equally superstitious with his confederates, but having nerves more firmly strung, was the first to conquer his terror. Crossing himself, he muttered a secret prayer, and, snatching up a pick-axe, entered the cavity, and resumed his labour.

The noise of the heavy blows dealt by him against the wall drowned the tolling of the bell. The charm was broken. And stimulated by his conduct, the others followed his example, and though the awful tolling continued at intervals during the whole of their operations, it offered no further interruption to them.

Another, and more serious cause of anxiety, however, arose. As the work advanced, without being aware of it, they approached the bank of the river, and the water began to ooze through the sides of the excavation,—at first, slightly, but by degrees to such an extent as to convince them that their labour would be entirely thrown away. Large portions of the clay, loosened by the damp, fell in upon them, nearly burying those nearest the tumbling mass; and the floor was now in some places more than a foot deep

in water, clearly proving it would be utterly impossible to keep the powder fit for use in such a spot.

Catesby bore these untoward circumstances with ill-concealed mortification. For a time, he struggled against them; and though he felt that it was hopeless, worked on like a desperate military leader conducting a forlorn hope to certain destruction. At length, however, the water began to make such incursions that he could no longer disguise from himself or his companions that they were contending against unsurmountable difficulties, and that to proceed further would be madness. He, therefore, with a heavy heart, desisted, and throwing down his pick-axe, said it was clear that Heaven did not approve their design, and that it must be relinquished.

“We ought to have been warned by that doleful bell,” he observed in conclusion. “I now perceive its meaning. And as I was the first to act in direct opposition to the declared will of the Supreme Being, so now I am the first to admit my error.”

“I cannot account for that dread and mysterious sound, my son,” replied Garnet, “and can only attribute it, as you do, to Divine interference. But whether it was intended as a warning or a guidance, I confess I am unable to say.”

“Can you longer doubt, father,” returned Catesby, bitterly, “when you look at yon excavation? It took us more than a week’s incessant labour to get through the first wall; and our toil was no sooner lightened than these fatal consequences ensued. If we proceed, we shall drown ourselves, instead of blowing up our foes. And even if we should escape, were the powder stowed for one day in that damp place, it would never explode. We have failed, and must take measures accordingly.”

“I entirely concur with you, my son,” replied Garnet; “we must abandon our present plan. But do not let us be disheartened. Perhaps, at this very moment, Heaven is preparing for us a victory by some unlooked-for means.”

“It may be so,” replied Catesby, with a look of incredulity.

As he spoke, an extraordinary noise, like a shower of falling stones, was heard overhead. And coupling the sound with their fears of the encroachment of the damp, the conspirators glanced at each other in dismay, thinking the building was falling in upon them.

“All blessed saints protect us!” cried Garnet, as the sound ceased. “What was that?”

But no one was able to account for it, and each regarded his neighbour with apprehension. After a short interval of silence, the sound was heard again. There was then another pause—and again the same rushing and inexplicable noise.

“What can it be?” cried Catesby. “I am so enfeebled by this under-ground life, that trifles alarm me. Are our enemies pulling down the structure over our heads?—or are they earthing us up like vermin?” he added to Fawkes. “What is it?”

“I will go and see,” replied the other.

“Do not expose yourself, my son,” cried Garnet. “Let us abide the result here.”

“No, father,” replied Fawkes. “Having

failed in our scheme, what befalls me is of little consequence. I will go. If I return not, you will understand what has happened."

Pausing for a moment to receive Garnet's benediction, he then strode away.

Half an hour elapsed before Fawkes returned, and the interval appeared thrice its duration in the eyes of the conspirators. When he reappeared, a smile sat upon his countenance, and his looks instantly dispelled the alarm that had been previously felt.

"You bring us good news, my son?" cried Garnet.

"Excellent, father," replied Fawkes: "and you were right in saying that at the very moment we were indulging in misgiving, Heaven was preparing for us a victory by unforeseen and mysterious means."

Garnet raised his hands gratefully and reverentially upwards. And the other conspirators crowded round Fawkes to listen to his relation.

"The noise we heard," he said, "arose from a very simple circumstance,—and when you hear it, you will smile at your fears. But you will

not smile at the result to which it has led. Exactly overhead, it appears, a cellar is situated belonging to a person named Bright, and the sound was occasioned by the removal of his coals, which he has been selling off."

"Is that all?" cried Catesby. "We are indeed grown childish, to be alarmed by such a cause."

"It appears slight now it is explained," observed Keyes, gravely; "but how were we to know whence it arose?"

"True," returned Fawkes; "and I will now show you how the hand of Heaven has been manifested in the matter. The noise which led me to this investigation, and which I regard as a signal from on high, brought me to a cellar I had never seen before, and knew not existed. *That cellar lies immediately beneath the House of Lords.*"

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed Catesby. "You think it would form a good depository for the powder."

"If it had been built for the express purpose, it could not be better," returned Fawkes. "It

is commodious and dry, and in an out-of-the-way place, as you may judge, when we ourselves have never hitherto noticed it."

"But what is all this to us, if we cannot use it?" returned Catesby.

"We *can* use it," replied Fawkes. "It is ours."

There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Finding, on inquiry, that Bright was about to quit the neighbourhood," continued Fawkes, "and did not require the place longer, I instantly proposed to take it from him, and to create no suspicion, engaged it in Percy's name, stating that he wanted it for his own fuel."

"You have done admirably," cried Catesby, in a tone of exultation. "The success of the enterprise will now be entirely owing to you."

"Not to me, but to the Providence that directed me," replied Fawkes, solemnly.

"Right, my son," returned Garnet. "And let this teach us never to despair again."

The next day, Percy having taken possession of the cellar, it was carefully examined, and proved, as Fawkes had stated, admirably adapted

to their purpose. Their fears were now at an end, and they looked on the success of their project as certain. The mysterious bell no longer tolled, and their sole remaining task was to fill up the excavation so far as to prevent any damage from the wet.

This was soon done, and their next step was to transport the powder during the night to the cellar. Concealing the barrels as before with fagots and coals, they gave the place the appearance of a mere receptacle for lumber, by filling it with old hampers, boxes without lids, broken bottles, stone jars, and other rubbish.

They now began to think of separating, and Fawkes expressed his intention of returning that night to the house at Lambeth. No intelligence had reached them of Viviana's captivity, and they supposed her still an inmate of the miserable dwelling with Father Oldcorne.

Fawkes had often thought of her, and with uncasiness, during his toilsome labours; but they had so much engrossed him that her image was banished almost as soon as it arose. Now that grand obstacle was surmounted, and nothing was

wanting, however, except a favourable moment to strike the blow, he began to feel the greatest anxiety respecting her.

Still, he thought it prudent to postpone his return to a late hour, and it was not until near midnight that he and Catesby ventured to their boat. As he was about to descend the steps, he heard his name pronounced by some one at a little distance; and the next moment, a man, whom he immediately recognised as Humphrey Chetham, rushed up to him.

“ You here again ! ” cried Fawkes, angrily, and not unsuspiciously. “ Do you play the spy upon me ? ”

“ I have watched for you for the last ten nights,” replied Chetham, hastily. “ I knew not where you were. But I found your boat here, and I hoped you would not cross the water in any other.”

“ Why all this care ? ” demanded Fawkes. “ Has aught happened ?—Is Viviana safe ?—Speak, man ! do not keep me longer in suspense ! ”

“ Alas ! ” rejoined Chetham. “ She is a prisoner.”

“A prisoner!” ejaculated Fawkes, in a hollow voice. “Then my forebodings were not without cause.”

“How has this happened?” cried Catesby, who had listened to what was said in silent wonder.

Chetham then hastily related all that had taken place.

“I know not what has become of her,” he said, in conclusion; “but I have heard that she was taken to the Star-Chamber by the Earl of Salisbury,—for he, it appears, was the companion of Topcliffe,—and, refusing to answer the interrogations of the Council, was conveyed to the Tower, and, I fear, subjected to the torture.”

“Tortured!” exclaimed Fawkes, horror-stricken; “Viviana tortured! And I have brought her to this! Oh, God! Oh, God!”

“It is indeed an agonising reflection,” replied Humphrey Chetham, in a sombre tone, “and enough to drive you to despair. Her last wishes, expressed only in looks, for she did not dare to give utterance to them, were that I should warn you not to approach the house at Lambeth, your

enemies being concealed within it. I have now fulfilled them. Farewell ! ”

And he turned to depart.

“ Stay ! ” cried Catesby, arresting him. “ Where is Father Oldcorne ? ”

“ I know not,” replied Humphrey Chetham. “ As I have told you, Viviana by some means contrived his escape. I have seen nothing of him.”

And, hurrying away, he was lost beneath the shadow of the wall.

“ Is this a troubled dream, or dread reality ? ” cried Fawkes to Catesby.

“ I fear it is too true,” returned the other, in a voice of much emotion. “ Poor Viviana ! ”

“ Something must be done to set her free,” cried Fawkes. “ I will purchase her liberty by delivering up myself.”

“ Your oath — remember your oath ! ” rejoined Catesby. “ You may destroy yourself, but not your associates.”

“ True — true,” replied Fawkes, distractedly, — “ I do remember it. I am sold to perdition.”

“ Anger not Heaven by these idle lamenta-

tions, — and at a time too, when all is so prosperous,” rejoined Catesby.

“ What ! ” cried Fawkes, fiercely, “ would you have me calm, when she who called me father, and was dear to me as a child, is taken from me by these remorseless butchers, — subjected to their terrible examinations, — plunged in a dismal dungeon, — and stretched upon the rack, — and all for me—for me ! I shall go mad if I think upon it ! ”

“ You must *not* think upon it,” returned Catesby,—“ at least, not here. We shall be observed. Let us return to the house ; and perhaps—though I scarcely dare indulge the hope—some plan may be devised for her liberation.”

With this, he dragged Fawkes, who was almost frenzied with anguish, forcibly along, and they returned to the house.

Nothing more was said that night. Catesby judged it prudent to let the first violence of his friend’s emotions expend itself before he attempted to soothe him ; and when he communicated the sad event to Garnet, the latter strongly approved the plan. Garnet was greatly distressed

at the intelligence, and his affliction was shared by the other conspirators. No fears were entertained by any of them that Viviana would reveal aught of the plot, but this circumstance only added to their regrets.

“ I will stake my life for her constancy,” said Catesby.

“ And so will I,” returned Garnet. “ She will die a martyr for us.”

He then proposed that they should pray for her deliverance. And all instantly assenting, they knelt down, while Garnet poured forth the most earnest supplications to the Virgin in her behalf.

The next morning, Guy Fawkes set forth, and ascertained that Humphrey Chetham's statement was correct, and that Viviana was indeed a prisoner in the Tower. He repaired thither, and tried to ascertain in what part of the fortress she was confined, in the hope of gaining admittance to her. But as he could obtain no information, and his inquiries excited suspicion, he was compelled to return without accomplishing his object.

Crossing Tower Hill on his way back, he turned

to glance at the stern pile he had just quitted, and which was fraught with the most fearful interest to him, when he perceived Chetham issue from the Bulwark Gate. He would have made up to him; but the young merchant, who had evidently seen him, though he looked sedulously another way, set off in the direction of the river, and was quickly lost to view. Filled with the gloomiest thoughts, Guy Fawkes proceeded to Westminster, where he arrived without further adventure of any kind.

In the latter part of the same day, as the conspirators were conferring together, they were alarmed by a knocking at the outer gate; and sending Bates to reconnoitre, he instantly returned with the intelligence that it was Lord Mounteagle. At the mention of this name, Tresham, who was one of the party, turned pale as death, and trembled so violently that he could scarcely support himself. Having been allowed to go forth on that day, the visit of Lord Mounteagle at this juncture, coupled with the agitation it occasioned him, seemed to proclaim him guilty of treachery for the second time.

“ You have betrayed us, villain ! ” cried Catesby, drawing his dagger ; “ but you shall not escape. I will poniard you on the spot.”

“ As you hope for mercy, do not strike ! ” cried Tresham. “ On my soul, I have not seen Lord Mounteagle, and know not, any more than yourselves, what brings him hither. Put it to the proof. Let him come in. Conceal yourselves, and you will hear what passes between us.”

“ Let it be so,” interposed Fawkes. “ I will step within this closet, the door of which shall remain ajar. From it I can watch him without being observed, and if aught occurs to confirm our suspicions, he dies.”

“ Bates shall station himself in the passage, and stab him if he attempts to fly,” added Catesby. “ Your sword, sir.”

“ It is here,” replied Tresham, delivering it to Catesby, who handed it to Bates. “ Are you satisfied ? ”

“ Is Lord Mounteagle alone ? ” inquired Catesby, without noticing the question.

“ He appears to be so,” replied Bates.

“Admit him then,” rejoined Catesby.

Entering the closet with Keyes, he was followed by Fawkes, who drew his dagger, and kept the door slightly ajar, while Garnet and the rest retired to other hiding-places. A few moments afterwards, Bates returned with Lord Mounteagle, and, having ushered him into the room, took his station in the passage, as directed by Catesby. The room was very dark, the shutters being closed, and light only finding its way through the chinks in them; and it appeared totally so to Lord Mounteagle, who, groping his way, stumbled forward, and exclaimed, in accents of some alarm,

“Where am I? Where is Mr. Tresham?”

“I am here,” replied Tresham, advancing towards him. “How did your lordship find me out?” he added, after the customary salutations were exchanged.

“My servant saw you enter this house,” replied Mounteagle, “and, knowing I was anxious to see you, waited for some hours without, in the expectation of your coming forth. But as this did not occur, he mentioned the circumstance

to me on his return, and I immediately came in quest of you. When I knocked at the gate, I scarcely knew what to think of the place, and began to fear you must have fallen into the hands of cut-throats; and, now that I have gained admittance, my wonder—and I may add my uneasiness—is not diminished. Why do you hide yourself in this wretched place?”

“Be seated,” replied Tresham, placing a chair for Lord Mounteagle, with its back to the closet, while he took one opposite him, and near a table, on which some papers were laid. “Your lordship may remember,” he continued, scarcely knowing what answer to make to the question, “that I wrote to you some time ago, to say that a conspiracy was hatching among certain of our party against the state.”

“I have reason to remember it,” replied Mounteagle. “The letter was laid before the Earl of Salisbury, and inquiries instituted in consequence. But, owing to your disappearance, nothing could be elicited. What plot had you discovered?”

At this moment, Tresham, who kept his eye

fixed on the closet, perceived the door noiselessly open, and behind it the figure of Guy Fawkes, with the dagger in his hand.

“ I was misinformed as to the nature of the plot,” he stammered.

“ Was it against the King’s life ?” demanded Mouteagle.

“ No,” rejoined Tresham ; “ as far as I could learn, it was an insurrection.”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Mouteagle, sceptically. “ My information, then, differed from yours. Who were the parties you suspected ?”

“ As I *wrongfully* suspected them,” replied Tresham, evasively, “ your lordship must excuse my naming them.”

“ Was Catesby — or Winter — or Wright — or Rookwood — or Sir Everard Digby concerned in it ?” demanded Mouteagle.

“ Not one of them,” asseverated Tresham.

“ They are the persons *I* suspect,” replied Mouteagle ; “ and they are suspected by the Earl of Salisbury. But you have not told me what you are doing in this strange habitation. Are you ferreting out a plot, or contriving one ?”

“Both,” replied Tresham.

“How?” cried Mouteagle.

“I am plotting for myself, and counterplotting the designs of others,” replied Tresham, mysteriously.

“Is this place, then, the rendezvous of a band of conspirators?” asked Mouteagle, uneasily.

Tresham nodded in the affirmative.

“Who are they?” continued Mouteagle.

“There is no need of concealment with me.”

As this was said, Tresham raised his eyes, and saw that Guy Fawkes had stepped silently forward, and placed himself behind Mouteagle’s chair. His hand grasped his dagger, and his gaze never moved from the object of his suspicion.

“Who are they?” repeated Mouteagle.

“Is Guy Fawkes one of them?”

“Assuredly not,” replied Tresham. “Why should you name him? I never mentioned him to your lordship.”

“I think you did,” replied Mouteagle.

“But I am certain you spoke of Catesby.”

And Tresham’s regards involuntarily wandered

to the closet, when he beheld the stern glance of the person alluded to fixed upon him.

“ You have heard of Viviana Radcliffe’s imprisonment, I suppose ? ” pursued Munteagle, unconscious of what was passing.

“ I have,” replied Tresham.

“ The Earl of Salisbury expected he would be able to wring all from her, but he has failed,” observed Munteagle.

“ I am glad of it,” replied Tresham.

“ I thought you were disposed to serve him ? ” remarked Munteagle.

“ So I am,” replied Tresham. “ But, if secrets are to be revealed, I had rather be the bearer of them than any one else. I am sorry for Viviana.”

“ I could procure her liberation, if I chose,” observed Munteagle.

“ Say you so ? ” cried Fawkes, clapping him on the shoulder ; “ then you stir not hence till you have procured it ! ”

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAR-CHAMBER.

VIVIANA, as has already been intimated, after her capture at the house at Lambeth, was conveyed to the Star-Chamber. Here she was detained until a late hour on the following day, when she underwent a long and rigorous examination by certain members of the Privy Council, who were summoned for that purpose by the Earl of Salisbury. Throughout this arduous trial she maintained the utmost composure, and never for a single moment lost her firmness. On all occasions, her matchless beauty and dignity produced the strongest impression on the beholders; but on no occasion had they ever produced so strong an effect as the present. Her features were totally destitute of bloom, but

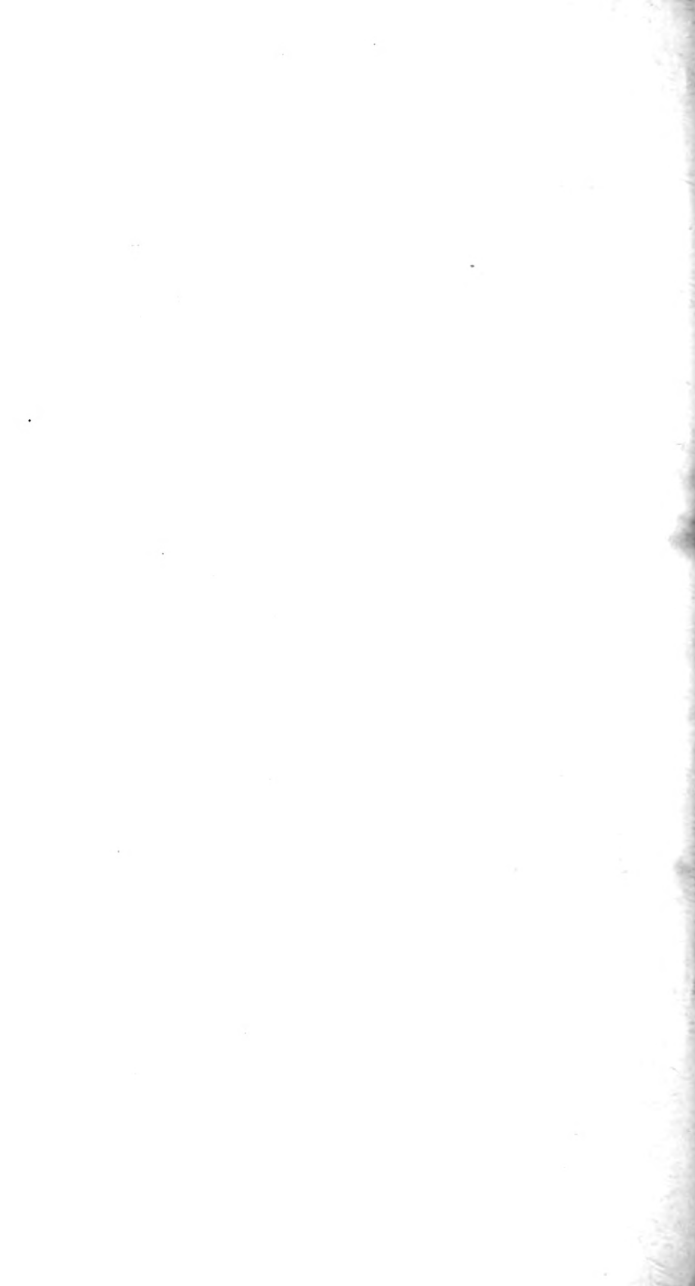
their very paleness, contrasted as it was with her large dark eyes, which blazed with unwonted brilliancy, as well as with her jet-black hair, so far from detracting from her loveliness, appeared to add to it.

As she was brought before the Council, who were seated round a table, and remained standing at a short distance from them, guarded by Topliffe and two halberdiers, a murmur of admiration pervaded the group,—nor was this feeling lessened as the examination proceeded. Once, when the Earl of Salisbury adverted to the unworthy position in which she, the daughter of the proud and loyal Sir William Radcliffe, had placed herself, a shade passed over her brow, and a slight convulsion agitated her frame. But the next moment she recovered herself, and said,

“ However circumstances may appear against me, and whatever opinion your lordships may entertain of my conduct, the King has not a more loyal subject than myself, nor have any of you made greater efforts to avert the danger by which he is threatened.”



During the scene
and the



“Then you admit that his Majesty is in danger?” cried the Earl of Salisbury, eagerly.

“I admit nothing,” replied Viviana. “But I affirm that I am his true and loyal subject.”

“You cannot expect us to believe your assertion,” replied the Earl; “unless you approve it by declaring all you know touching this conspiracy.”

“I have already told you, my lord,” she returned, “that my lips are sealed on that subject.”

“You disclaim, then, all knowledge of a plot against the King’s life, and against his government?” pursued Salisbury.

Viviana shook her head.

“You refuse to give up the names of your companions, or to reveal their intentions?” continued the Earl.

“I do,” she answered firmly.

“Your obstinacy will not save them,” rejoined the Earl in a severe tone, and after a brief pause. “Their names and their atrocious design are known to us.”

“ If such be the case,” replied Viviana, “ why interrogate me on the subject ? ”

“ Because — but it is needless to give a reason for the course which justice requires me to pursue,” returned the Earl. “ You are implicated in this plot, and nothing can save you from condign punishment but a frank and full confession.”

“ Nothing *can* save me then, my lord,” replied Viviana; “ but Heaven knows I shall perish unjustly.”

A consultation was then held by the lords of the council, who whispered together for a few minutes. Viviana regarded them anxiously, but suffered no expression of uneasiness to escape her. As they again turned towards her, she saw from their looks, some of which exhibited great commiseration for her, that they had come to a decision (she could not doubt what) respecting her fate. Her heart stopped beating, and she could scarcely support herself. Such, however, was the control she exercised over herself that, though filled with terror, her demeanour remained unaltered. She was not long kept

in suspense. Fixing his searching gaze upon her, the Earl of Salisbury observed in a severe tone,

“ Viviana Radcliffe, I ask you for the last time whether you will avow the truth ? ”

No answer was returned.

“ I will not disguise from you,” continued the Earl, “ that your youth, your beauty, your constancy, and, above all, your apparent innocence, have deeply interested me, as well as the other noble persons here assembled to interrogate you, and who would willingly save you from the sufferings you will necessarily undergo, from a mistaken fidelity to the heinous traitors with whom you are so unhappily leagued. I would give you time to reflect did I think the delay would answer any good purpose. I would remind you that no oath of secrecy, however solemn, can be binding in an unrighteous cause. I would tell you that your first duty is to your prince and governor, and that it is as great a crime, as unpardonable in the eyes of God as of man, to withhold the revelation of a conspiracy against the state, should it come to your

knowledge, as to conspire against it yourself. I would lay all this before you. I would show you the magnitude of your offence, the danger in which you stand, and the utter impossibility of screening your companions, who, ere long, will be confronted with you,—did I think it would avail. But, as you continue obstinate, justice must take its course.”

“I am prepared for the worst, my lord,” replied Viviana, humbly. “I thank your lordships for your consideration: but I take you all to witness that I profess the utmost loyalty and devotion for my sovereign, and that, whatever may be my fate, those feelings will remain unchanged to the last.”

“Your manner and your words are so sincere, that, were not your conduct at variance with them, they might convince us,” returned the Earl. “As it is, even if we could credit your innocence, we are bound to act as if you were guilty. You will be committed to the Tower till his Majesty’s pleasure is known. And I grieve to add, if you still continue obstinate, the severest measures will be resorted to extract the truth from you.”

As he concluded, he attached his signature to a warrant which was laying on the table before him, and traced a few lines to Sir William Waad, lieutenant of the Tower.

This done, he handed the papers to Topcliffe, and waving his hand, Viviana was removed to the chamber in which she had been previously confined, and where she was detained under a strict guard, until Topcliffe, who had left her, returned to say that all was in readiness, and bidding her follow him, led the way to the river-side, where a wherry, manned by six rowers, was waiting for them.

The night was profoundly dark, and, as none of the guard carried torches, their course was steered in perfect obscurity. But the rowers were too familiar with the river to require the guidance of light. Shooting the bridge in safety, and pausing only for a moment to give the signal of their approach to the sentinels on the ramparts, they passed swiftly under the low-browed arch of Traitor's Gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

As Viviana set foot on those fatal stairs, which so many have trod, and none without feeling that they took their first step towards the scaffold, she involuntarily shrank backward. But it was now too late to retreat; and she surrendered her hand to Topcliffe, who assisted her up the steps. Half-a-dozen men-at-arms, with a like number of warders bearing torches, were present; and as it was necessary that Topcliffe should deliver his warrant into Sir William Waad's own hands, he committed his prisoner to the warders, with instructions to them to take her to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower, while he proceeded to the lieutenant's lodgings.

It was the first time Viviana had beheld the

terrible pile in which she was immured, though she was well acquainted with its history, and with the persecutions which many of the professors of her faith had endured within it during the recent reign of Elizabeth ; and as the light of the torches flashed upon the grey walls of the Bloody Tower, and upon the adjoining ramparts, all the dreadful tales she had heard rushed to her recollection. But having recovered the first shock, the succeeding impressions were powerless in comparison, and she accompanied the warders to the guard-room without expressing any outward emotion. Here a seat was offered her, and as the men considerably withdrew, she was able to pursue her reflections unmolested. They were sad enough, and it required all her firmness to support her.

When considering what was likely to befall her in consequence of her adherence to the fortunes of Fawkes and his companions, she had often pictured some dreadful situation like the present, but the reality far exceeded her worst anticipations. She had deemed herself equal to any emergency, but as she thought upon the

dark menaces of the Earl of Salisbury, she felt it would require greater fortitude than she had hitherto displayed to bear her through her trial. Nor were her meditations entirely confined to herself. While trembling for the perilous situation of Guy Fawkes, she reproached herself that she could not requite even in thought the passionate devotion of Humphrey Chetham.

“What matters it now,” she thought, “that I cannot love him? I shall soon be nothing to him, or to any one. And yet I feel I have done him wrong, and that I should be happier if I *could* requite his attachment. But the die is cast. It is too late to repent, or to retreat. My heart acquits me of having been influenced by any unworthy motive, and I will strive to endure the keenest pang without a murmur.”

Shortly after this, Topcliffe returned with Sir William Waad. On their entrance, Viviana arose, and the lieutenant eyed her with some curiosity. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stoutly-built, and having harsh features, stamped with an expression of mingled cunning and ferocity. His eyes had a fierce and bloodthirsty

look, and were overshadowed by thick and scowling brows. Saluting the captive with affected courtesy, he observed,

“So you refuse to answer the interrogations of the Privy Council, madam, I understand. I am not sorry for it, because I would have the merit of wringing the truth from you. Those who have been most stubborn outside these walls, have been the most yielding within them.”

“That will not be my case,” replied Viviana, coldly.

“We shall see,” returned the lieutenant, with a significant glance at Topcliffe.

Ordering her to follow him, he then proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Bloody Tower, and passing beneath its arched gateway, ascended the steps on the left, and led her to his lodgings. Entering the habitation, he mounted to the upper story, and tracking a long gallery, brought her to a small circular chamber in the Bell Tower. Its sole furniture were a chair, a table, and a couch.

“Here you will remain for the present,” observed the lieutenant, smiling grimly, and placing

a lamp on the table. "It will depend upon yourself whether your accommodations are better hereafter."

With this, he quitted the cell with his attendants, and barred the door outside.

Left alone, Viviana, who had hitherto restrained her anguish, suffered it to find vent in tears. Never had she felt so utterly forlorn and desolate. All before her was threatening and terrible, full of dangers real and imaginary; nor could she look back upon her past career without something like remorse.

"Oh, that Heaven would take me to itself!" she murmured, clasping her hands in an agony of distress, "for I feel unequal to my trials. Oh, that I had perished with my dear father! For what dreadful fate am I reserved? — Torture,—I will bear it, if I *can*. But death by the hands of the public executioner,—it is too horrible to think of! Is there no way to escape *that*?"

As this hideous thought occurred to her, she uttered a loud and prolonged scream, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered it was daylight; and, weak and exhausted, she

crept to the couch, and throwing herself upon it, endeavoured to forget her misery in sleep. But, as is usually the case with the afflicted, it fled her eyelids, and she passed several hours in the severest mental torture, unrelieved by a single cheering thought.

About the middle of the day, the door of the cell was opened by an old woman with a morose and forbidding countenance, attended by a younger female, who resembled her in all but the expression of her features, (her look was gentle and compassionate,) and who appeared to be her daughter.

Without paying any attention to Viviana, the old woman took a small loaf of bread and other provisions from a basket she had brought with her, and placed them on the table. This done, she was about to depart, when her daughter, who had glanced uneasily at the couch, observed in a kindly tone,

“ Shall we not inquire whether we can be of service to the poor young lady, mother ? ”

“ Why should we concern ourselves about her, Ruth ? ” returned the old woman, sharply. “ If

she wants anything, she has a tongue, and can speak. If she desires further comforts," she added, in a significant tone, "they must be *paid* for."

"I desire nothing but death," groaned Viviana.

"The poor soul is dying, I believe," cried Ruth, rushing to the couch. "Have you no cordial-water about you, mother?"

"Truly have I," returned the old woman; "and I have other things besides. But I must be paid for them."

As she spoke she drew from her pocket a small, square, Dutch-shaped bottle.

"Give it me," cried Ruth, snatching it from her. "I am sure the young lady will pay for it."

"You are very kind," said Viviana, faintly. "But I have no means of doing so."

"I knew it," cried the old woman, fiercely. "I knew it. Give me back the flask, Ruth. She shall not taste a drop. Do you not hear she has no money, wench? Give it me, I say."

“Nay, mother, for pity’s sake,” implored Ruth.

“Pity, forsooth !” exclaimed the old woman, derisively. “If I, and thy father, Jasper Ipgreve, had any such feeling, it would be high time for him to give up his post of jailer in the Tower of London. Pity for a *poor* prisoner ! Thou a jailer’s daughter, and talk so. I am ashamed of thee, wench. But I thought this was a rich Catholic heiress, and had powerful and wealthy friends.”

“So she is,” replied Ruth ; “and though she may have no money with her now, she can command any amount she pleases. I heard Master Topcliffe tell young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder, so. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall in Lancashire, and sole heiress of his vast estates.”

“Is this so, sweet lady ?” inquired the old woman, stepping towards the couch. “Are you truly Sir William Radcliffe’s daughter ?”

“I am,” replied Viviana. “But I have said I require nothing from you. Leave me.”

“No — no, dear young lady,” rejoined Dame

Ipgreve, in a whining tone, which was infinitely more disagreeable to Viviana than her previous harshness, “ I cannot leave you in this state. Raise her head, Ruth, while I pour a few drops of the cordial down her throat.”

“ I will not taste it,” replied Viviana, putting the flask aside.

“ You would find it a sovereign restorative,” replied Dame Ipgreve, with a mortified look ; “ but as you please. I will not urge you against your inclination. The provisions I have been obliged to bring you are too coarse for a daintily-nurtured maiden like you,— but you shall have others presently.”

“ It is needless,” rejoined Viviana. “ Pray leave me.”

“ Well, well, I am going,” rejoined Dame Ipgreve, hesitating. “ Do you want to write to any one ? I can find means of conveying a letter secretly out of the Tower.”

“ Ah !” exclaimed Viviana, rising herself. “ And yet no — no — I dare not trust you.”

“ You may,” replied the avaricious old woman,—“ provided you pay me well.”

“ I will think of it,” returned Viviana. “ But I have not strength to write now.”

“ You must not give way thus,—indeed, you must not, dear lady,” said Ruth, in a voice of great kindness. “ It will not be safe to leave you. Suffer me to remain with you.”

“ Willingly,” replied Viviana ; “ most willingly.”

“ Stay with her, then, child,” said Dame Ipgreve. “ I will go and prepare a nourishing broth for her. Take heed and make a shrewd bargain with her for thy attendance,” she added in a hasty whisper, as she retired.

Greatly relieved by the old woman's departure, Viviana turned to Ruth, and thanked her in the warmest terms for her kindness. A few minutes sufficed to convert the sympathy which these two young persons evidently felt towards each other into affectionate regard, and the jailer's daughter assured Viviana, that so long as she should be detained, she would devote herself to her.

By this time the old woman had returned with a mess of hot broth, which she carried with an air of great mystery beneath her cloak.

Viviana was prevailed upon by the solicitations of Ruth to taste it, and found herself much revived in consequence. Her slight meal ended, Dame Ipgreve departed, with a promise to return in the evening with such viands as she could manage to introduce unobserved, and with a flask of wine.

“ You will need it, sweet lady, I fear,” she said ; “ for my husband tells me you are in peril of the torture. Oh ! it is a sad thing, that such as you should be so cruelly dealt with ! But we will take all the care of you we can. You will not forget to requite us. You must give me an order on your steward, or on some rich Catholic friend. I am half a Papist myself,—that is, I like one religion as well as the other,—and I like those best, whatever their creed may be, who pay best. That is my maxim : and it is the same with my husband. We do all we can to scrape together a penny for our child.”

“ No more of this, good mother,” interrupted Ruth. “ It distresses the lady ! I will take care she wants nothing.”

“ Right, child, right,” returned Dame Ip-

greve; — “do not forget what I told you,” she added in a whisper.

And she quitted the cell.

Ruth remained with Viviana during the rest of the day, and it was a great consolation to the latter to find that her companion was of the same faith as herself, — having been converted by Father Poole, a Romish priest who was confined in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and whose sufferings and constancy for his religion had made a powerful impression on the jailer's daughter. As soon as Viviana ascertained this, she made Ruth, so far as she thought prudent, a confidant in her misfortunes, and after beguiling some hours in conversation, they both knelt down and offered up fervent prayers to the Virgin. Ruth then departed, promising to return in the evening with her mother.

Soon after it became dark, Dame Ipgreve and her daughter re-appeared, the former carrying a lamp, and the latter a basket of provisions. Ruth's countenance was so troubled, that Viviana was certain that some fresh calamity was at hand.

“What is the matter?” she hastily demanded.

“Make your meal first, dear young lady,” replied Dame Ipgreve. “Our news might take away your appetite, and you will have to pay for your supper, whether you eat it or not.”

“You alarm me greatly,” cried Viviana, anxiously. “What ill news do you bring?”

“I will not keep you longer in suspense, madam,” said Ruth. “You are to be examined to-night by the lieutenant and certain members of the Privy Council, and if you refuse to answer their questions, I lament to say you will be put to the torture.”

“Heaven give me strength to endure it!” ejaculated Viviana, in a despairing tone.

“Eat, madam, eat,” cried Dame Ipgreve, pressing the viands upon her. “You will never be able to go through with the examination, if you starve yourself in this way.”

“Are you sure,” inquired Viviana, appealing to Ruth, “that it will take place so soon?”

“Quite sure,” replied Ruth. “My father has orders to attend the lieutenant at midnight.”

“Let me advise you to conceal nothing,” in-

sinuated the old woman. "They are determined to wring the truth from you,—and they *will* do so."

"You are mistaken, good woman," replied Viviana, firmly. "I will die before I utter a word."

"You think so now," returned Dame Ipgreve, maliciously. "But the sight of the rack and the thumbscrews will alter your tone. At all events, support nature."

"No," replied Viviana; "as I do not desire to live, I will use no effort to sustain myself. They may kill me if they please."

"Misfortune has turned her brain," muttered the old woman. "I must take care and secure my dues. Well, madam, if you will not eat the supper I have provided, it cannot be helped. I must find some one who will. You must pay for it all the same. My husband, Jasper Ipgreve, will be present at your interrogation, and I am sure, for my sake, he will use you as lightly as he can. Come, Ruth, you must not remain here longer."

"Oh, let her stay with me," implored Vivi-

ana. "I will make it well worth your while to grant me the indulgence."

"What will you give?" cried the old woman, eagerly. "But no — no — I dare not leave her. The lieutenant may visit you, and find her, and then I should lose my place. Come along, Ruth. She shall attend you after the interrogation, madam. I shall be there myself."

"Farewell, madam," sobbed Ruth, who was almost drowned in tears. "Heaven grant you constancy to endure your trial!"

"Be ruled by me," said the old woman. "Speak out, and secure your own safety."

She would have continued in the same strain, but Ruth dragged her away. And casting a commiserating glance at Viviana, she closed the door.

The dreadful interval between their departure and midnight was passed by Viviana in fervent prayer. As she heard through the barred embrasure of her dungeon the deep strokes of the clock toll out the hour of twelve, the door opened, and a tall, gaunt personage, habited in a suit

of rusty black, and with a large bunch of keys at his girdle, entered the cell.

“ You are Jasper Ipgreve ? ” said Viviana, rising.

“ Right,” replied the jailer. “ I am come to take you before the lieutenant and the council. Are you ready ? ”

Viviana replied in the affirmative, and Ipgreve quitting the cell, outside which two other officials in sable habiliments were stationed, led the way down a short spiral staircase, which brought them to a narrow vaulted passage. Pursuing it for some time the jailer halted before a strong door, cased with iron, and, opening it, admitted the captive into a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by a heavy stone pillar, while its walls were garnished with implements of torture. At a table on the left sat the lieutenant and three other grave-looking personages. Across the lower end of the chamber a thick black curtain was stretched, hiding a deep recess ; and behind it, as was evident from the glimmer that escaped from its folds, there was a light. Certain indistinct, but ominous sounds, issuing

from the recess, proved that there were persons within it, and Viviana's quaking heart told her what was the nature of their proceedings.

She had ample time to survey this dismal apartment and its occupants, for several minutes elapsed before a word was addressed to her by her interrogators, who continued to confer together in an under tone, as if unconscious of her presence. During this pause, broken only by the ominous sounds before-mentioned, Viviana scanned the countenances of the group at the table, in the hope of discerning in them some glimpses of compassion; but they were inscrutable and inexorable, and scarcely less dreadful to look upon than the hideous implements on the walls.

Viviana wished the earth would open and swallow her, that she might escape from them. Anything was better than to be left at the mercy of such men. At certain times, and not unfrequently at the most awful moments, a double current of thought will flow through the brain, and at this frightful juncture it was so with Viviana. While shuddering at all she saw

around her, nay dwelling upon it, another and distinct train of thought led her back to former scenes of happiness, when she was undisturbed by any but remote apprehensions of danger. She thought of her tranquil residence at Ordsall,—of the flowers she had tended in the garden,—of her father, and of his affection for her,—of Humphrey Chetham, and of her early and scarce-acknowledged attachment to him,—and of his generosity and devotion, and how she had requited it. And then, like a sullen cloud darkening the fair prospect, arose the figure of Guy Fawkes—the sombre enthusiast—who had unwittingly exercised such a baneful influence upon her fortunes.

“Had he not crossed my path,” she mentally ejaculated, “I might have been happy—might have loved Humphrey Chetham—might, perhaps, have wedded him!”

These reflections were suddenly dispersed by the lieutenant, who in a stern tone commenced his interrogations.

As upon her previous examination, Viviana observed the utmost caution, and either refused

to speak, or answered such questions only as affected herself. At first, in spite of all her efforts, she trembled violently, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. But after a while, she recovered her courage, and regarded the lieutenant with a look as determined as his own.

“It is useless to urge me farther,” she concluded. “I have said all I will say.”

“Is it your pleasure, my lords,” observed Sir William Waad to the others, “to prolong the examination?”

His companions replied in the negative, and the one nearest him remarked, “Is she aware what will follow?”

“I am,” replied Viviana resolutely, “and I am not to be intimidated.”

Sir William Waad then made a sign to Ipgreve, who immediately stepped forward and seized her arm. “You will be taken to that recess,” said the lieutenant, “where the question will be put to you. But as we shall remain here, you have only to utter a cry if you are willing to avow the truth, and the torture shall

be stayed. And it is our merciful hope that this may be the case."

Summoning up all her resolution, and walking with a firm footstep, Viviana passed with Ipgreve behind the curtain. She there beheld two men and a woman,—the latter was the jailer's wife, who instantly advanced to her, and besought her to confess.

"There is no help for it, if you refuse," she urged; "not all your wealth can save you."

"Mind your own business, dame," interposed Ipgreve, angrily, "and assist her to unrobe."

Saying this, he stepped aside with the two men, one of whom was the surgeon, and the other the tormentor, while Dame Ipgreve helped to take off Viviana's gown. She then tied a scarf over her shoulders, and informed her husband she was ready.

The recess was about twelve feet high, and ten wide. It was crossed near the roof, which was arched and vaulted, by a heavy beam, with pulleys and ropes at either extremity. But what chiefly attracted the unfortunate captive's attention was a couple of iron gauntlets attached to

it, about a yard apart. Upon the ground under the beam, and immediately beneath that part of it where the gauntlets were fixed, were laid three pieces of wood of a few inches in thickness, and piled one upon another.

“What must I do?” inquired Viviana, in a hollow voice, but with unaltered resolution, of the old woman.

“Step upon those pieces of wood,” replied Dame Ipgreve, leading her towards them.

Viviana obeyed, and as soon as she had set foot upon the pile, the tormentor placed a joint-stool beside her, and mounting it, desired her to place her right hand in one of the gauntlets. She did so, and the tormentor then turned a screw, which compressed the iron glove so tightly as to give her excruciating pain. He then got down, and Ipgreve demanded if he should proceed.

A short pause ensued, but, notwithstanding her agony, Viviana made no answer. The tormentor then placed the stool on the left side, and fastened the hand which was still at liberty within the other gauntlet. The torture was

dreadful — and the fingers appeared crushed by the pressure. Still Viviana uttered no cry. After another short pause, Ipgreve said,

“ You had better let us stop here. This is mere child's play compared with what is to come.”

No answer being returned, the tormentor took a mallet and struck one of the pieces of wood from under Viviana's feet. The shock was dreadful, and seemed to dislocate her wrists, while the pressure on the hands was increased in a tenfold degree. The poor sufferer, who was resting on the points of her feet, felt that the removal of the next piece of wood would occasion almost intolerable torture. Her constancy, however, did not desert her, and, after the question had been repeated by Ipgreve, the second block was struck away. She was now suspended by her hands, and the pain was so exquisite, that nature gave way, and uttering a piercing scream, she fainted.

On recovering she found herself stretched upon a miserable pallet, with Ruth watching beside her. A glance round the chamber, which was of solid stone masonry, with a deep embrasure on

one side, convinced her that she had been removed to some other prison.

“Where am I?” she asked, in a faint voice.

“In the Well Tower, madam,” replied Ruth: “one of the fortifications near the moat, and now used as a prison-lodging. My father dwells within it, and you are under his custody.”

“Your father,” cried Viviana, shuddering as she recalled the sufferings she had recently undergone. “Will he torture me again?”

“Not if I can prevent it, dear lady,” replied Ruth. “But hush! here comes my mother. Not a word before her.”

As Ruth spoke, Dame Ipgreve, who had been lingering at the door, entered the room. She affected the greatest solicitude for Viviana—felt her pulse—looked at the bandages fastened round her swollen and crippled fingers, and concluded by counselling her not to persist in refusing to speak.

“I dare not tell you what tortures are in store for you,” she said, “if you continue thus obstinate. But they will be a thousand times worse than what you endured last night.”

“When will my next interrogation take place?” inquired Viviana.

“A week hence, it may be, — or it may be sooner,” returned the old woman. “It depends upon the state you are in, — and somewhat upon the fees you give my husband, for he has a voice with the lieutenant.”

“I would give him all I possess, if he could save me from further torture,” cried Viviana.

“Alas ! alas !” replied Dame Ipgreve, “you ask more than can be done. He would save you if he could. But you will not let him. However, we will do all we can to mitigate your sufferings—all we can—provided you pay us. Stay with her, child,” she added, with a significant gesture to her daughter, as she quitted the room, “stay with her.”

“My heart bleeds for you, madam,” said Ruth, in accents of the deepest commiseration, as soon as they were alone. “You may depend upon my fidelity. If I can contrive your escape, I will,—at any risk to myself.”

“On no account,” replied Viviana. “Do not concern yourself about me more. My earth-

ly sufferings, I feel, will have terminated before further cruelty can be practised upon me.”

“ Oh ! say not so, madam,” returned Ruth. “ I hope—nay, I am sure you will live long and happily.”

Viviana shook her head, and Ruth, finding her very feeble, thought it better not to continue the conversation. She accordingly applied such restoratives as were at hand, and observing that the eyes of the sufferer closed as if in slumber, glided noiselessly out of the chamber, and left her.

In this way a week passed. At the expiration of that time, the chirurgeon pronounced her in so precarious a state, that if the torture were repeated, he would not answer for her life. The interrogation, therefore, was postponed for a few days, during which the chirurgeon constantly visited her, and by his care, and the restoratives she was compelled to take, she rapidly regained her strength.

One day, after the chirurgeon had departed, Ruth cautiously closed the door, and observed to her,

“You are now so far recovered, madam, as to be able to make an attempt to escape. I have devised a plan, which I will communicate to you to-morrow. It must not be delayed, or you will have to encounter a second and more dreadful examination.”

“I will not attempt it if you are exposed to risk,” replied Viviana.

“Heed me not,” returned Ruth. “One of your friends has found out your place of confinement, and has spoken to me about you.”

“What friend?” exclaimed Viviana, starting. “Guy Fawkes?—I mean ——” And she hesitated, while her pale cheeks were suffused with blushes.

“He is named Humphrey Chetham,” returned Ruth. “Like myself, he would risk his life to preserve you.”

“Tell him he must not do so,” cried Viviana, eagerly. “He has done enough—too much for me already. I will not expose him to further hazard. Tell him so, and entreat him to abandon the attempt.”

“But I shall not see him, dear lady,” replied

Ruth. “ Besides, if I read him rightly, he is not likely to be turned aside by any selfish consideration.”

“ You are right, he is not,” groaned Viviana. “ But this only adds to my affliction. Oh ! if you *should* see him, dear Ruth, try to dissuade him from his purpose.”

“ I will obey you, madam,” replied the jailer’s daughter. “ But I am well assured it will be of no avail.”

After some further conversation, Ruth retired, and Viviana was left alone for the night. Except the slumber procured by soporific potions, she had known no repose since she had been confined within the Tower ; and this night she felt more than usually restless. After ineffectually endeavouring to compose herself, she arose, and hastily robing herself,—a task she performed with no little difficulty, her fingers being almost useless,—continued to pace her narrow chamber.

It has been mentioned that on one side of the cell there was a deep embrasure. It was terminated by a narrow and strongly-grated loophole, looking upon the moat. Pausing before it, Vi-

viana gazed forth. The night was pitchy dark, and not even a solitary star could be discerned; but as she had no light in her chamber, the gloom outside was less profound than that within.

While standing thus, buried in thought, and longing for day-break, Viviana fancied she heard a slight sound as of some one swimming across the moat. Thinking she might be deceived, she listened more intently, and as the sound continued, she felt sure she was right in her conjecture. All at once the thought of Humphrey Chetham flashed upon her, and she had no doubt it must be him. Nor was she wrong. The next moment, a noise was heard as of some one clambering up the wall; a hand grasped the bars of the loophole, which was only two or three feet above the level of the water; and a low voice, which she instantly recognised, pronounced her name.

“Is it Humphrey Chetham?” she asked, advancing as near as she could to the loophole.

“It is,” was the reply. “Do not despair. I will accomplish your liberation. I have passed

three days within the Tower, and only ascertained your place of confinement a few hours ago. I have contrived a plan for your escape, with the jailer's daughter, which she will make known to you to-morrow."

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your devotion," replied Viviana, in accents of the deepest gratitude. "But I implore you to leave me to my fate. I am wretched enough now, Heaven knows, but if aught should happen to you, I shall be infinitely more so. If I possess any power over you,—and that I do so, I well know,—I entreat, nay, I command, you to desist from this attempt."

"I have never yet disobeyed you, Viviana," replied the young merchant, passionately—"nor will I do so now. But if you bid me abandon you, I will plunge into this moat, never to rise again."

His manner, notwithstanding the low tone in which he spoke, was so determined, that Viviana felt certain he would carry his threat into execution; she therefore rejoined in a mournful tone,

“ Well, be it as you will. It is in vain to resist our fate. I am destined to bring misfortune to you.”

“ Not so,” replied Chetham. “ If I *can* save you, I would rather die than live. The jailer's daughter will explain her plan to you to-morrow. Promise me to accede to it.”

Viviana reluctantly assented.

“ I shall quit the Tower at daybreak,” pursued Chetham ; “ and when you are once out of it, hasten to the stairs beyond the wharf at Petty Wales. I will be there with a boat. Farewell !”

As he spoke, he let himself drop into the water, but his foot slipping, the plunge was louder than he intended, and attracted the attention of a sentinel on the ramparts, who immediately called out to know what was the matter, and not receiving any answer, discharged his caliver in the direction of the sound.

Viviana, who heard the challenge and the shot, uttered a loud scream, and the next moment Ipgreve and his wife appeared. The jailer glanced suspiciously round the room ; but after

satisfying himself that all was right, and putting some questions to the captive, which she refused to answer, he departed with his wife, and carefully barred the door.

It is impossible to imagine greater misery than Viviana endured the whole of the night. The uncertainty in which she was kept as to Chetham's fate was almost insupportable, and the bodily pain she had recently endured appeared light when compared with her present mental torture. Day at length dawned ; but it brought with it no Ruth. Instead of this faithful friend, Dame Ipgreve entered the chamber with the morning meal, and her looks were so morose and distrustful, that Viviana feared she must have discovered her daughter's design. She did not, however, venture to make a remark, but suffered the old woman to depart in silence.

Giving up all for lost, and concluding that Humphrey Chetham had either perished, or was, like herself, a prisoner, Viviana bitterly bewailed his fate, and reproached herself with being unintentionally the cause of it. Later in the day, Ruth entered the cell. To Viviana's eager in-

quiries she replied, that Humphrey Chetham had escaped. Owing to the darkness, the sentinel had missed his aim, and although the most rigorous search was instituted throughout the fortress, he had contrived to elude observation.

“Our attempt,” pursued Ruth, “must be made this evening. The lieutenant has informed my father that you are to be interrogated at midnight, the chirurgeon having declared that you are sufficiently recovered to undergo the torture (if needful) a second time. Now listen to me. The occurrence of last night has made my mother suspicious, and she watches my proceedings with a jealous eye. She is at this moment with a female prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, or I should not be able to visit you. She has consented, however, to let me bring in your supper. You must then change dresses with me. Being about my height, you may easily pass for me, and I will take care there is no light below, so that your features will not be distinguished.”

Viviana would have checked her, but the other would not be interrupted.

“As soon as you are ready,” she continued, “you must lock the door upon me. You must then descend the short flight of steps before you, and pass as quickly as you can through the room where you will see my father and mother. As soon as you are out of the door, turn to the left, and go straight forward to the By-ward Tower. Show this pass to the warders. It is made out in my name, and they will suffer you to go forth. Do the same with the warders at the next gate,—the Middle Tower,—and again at the Bulwark-Gate. That passed, you are free.”

“And what will become of you?” asked Viviana, with a bewildered look.

“Never mind me,” rejoined Ruth: “I shall be sufficiently rewarded if I save you. And now, farewell. Be ready at the time appointed.”

“I cannot consent,” returned Viviana.

“You have no choice,” replied Ruth, breaking from her, and hurrying out of the room.

Time, as it ever does, when expectation is on the rack, appeared to pass with unusual slowness. But as the hour at length drew near, Viviana wished it farther off. It was with the utmost

trepidation that she heard the key turn in the lock, and beheld Ruth enter the cell with the evening meal.

Closing the door, and setting down the provisions, the jailer's daughter hastily divested herself of her dress, which was of brown serge, as well as of her coif and kerchief, while Viviana imitated her example. Without pausing to attire herself in the other's garments, Ruth then assisted Viviana to put on the dress she had just laid aside, and arranged her hair and the head-gear so skilfully, that the disguise was complete.

Hastily whispering some further instructions to her, and explaining certain peculiarities in her gait and deportment, she then pressed her to her bosom, and led her to the door. Viviana would have remonstrated, but Ruth pushed her through it, and closed it.

There was now no help, so Viviana, though with great pain to herself, contrived to turn the key in the lock. Descending the steps, she found herself in a small circular chamber, in which Ipgreve and his wife were seated at a table, dis-

cussing their evening meal. The sole light was afforded by a few dying embers on the hearth.

“What ! has she done, already ?” demanded the old woman, as Viviana appeared. “Why hast thou not brought the jelly with thee, if she has not eaten it all, and those cates, which Master Pilchard, the chirurgeon, ordered her ? Go and fetch them directly. They will finish our repast daintily ; and there are other matters too, which I dare say she has not touched. She will pay for them, and that will make them the sweeter. Go back, I say. What dost thou stand there for, as if thou wert thunderstruck ? Dost hear me, or not ?”

“Let the wench alone, dame,” growled Ipgreve. “You frighten her.”

“So I mean to do,” replied the old woman ; “she deserves to be frightened. Hark thee, girl, we must get an order from her on some wealthy Catholic family without delay—for I don’t think she will stand the trial to-night.”

“Nor I,” added Ipgreve, “especially as she is to be placed on the rack.”

“She has a chain of gold round her throat I

have observed," said the old woman ; " we must get that."

" I have it," said Viviana, in a low tone, and imitating as well as she could the accents of Ruth. " Here it is."

" Did she give it thee ?" cried the old woman, getting up, and grasping Viviana's lacerated fingers with such force, that she had difficulty in repressing a scream. " Did she give it thee, I say ?"

" She gave it me for you," gasped Viviana.

" Take it."

While the old woman held the chain to the fire, and called to her husband to light a lamp, that she might feast her greedy eyes upon it, Viviana flew to the door.

Just as she reached it, the shrill voice of Dame Ipgreve arrested her.

" Come back !" cried the dame. " Whither art thou going at this time of night ? I will not have thee stir forth. Come back, I say."

" Pshaw ! let her go," interposed Ipgreve. " I dare say she hath an appointment on the Green with young Nicholas Hardesty, the

warder. Go, wench. Be careful of thyself, and return within the hour."

"If she does not, she will rue it," added the dame. "Go, then, and I will see the prisoner."

Viviana required no further permission. Starting off as she had been directed on the left, she ran as fast as her feet could carry her; and, passing between two arched gateways, soon reached the By-ward Tower. Showing the pass to the warder, he chucked her under the chin, and, drawing an immense bolt, opened the wicket, and gallantly helped her to pass through it. The like good success attended her at the Middle Tower, and at the Bulwark Gate. Scarcely able to credit her senses, and doubting whether she was indeed free, she hurried on till she came to the opening leading to the stairs at Petty Wales. As she hesitated, uncertain what to do, a man advanced towards and addressed her by name. It was Humphrey Chetham. Overcome by emotion, Viviana sank into his arms, and in another moment she was placed in a wherry, which was ordered to be rowed towards Westminster.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

STARTLED, but not dismayed — for he was a man of great courage — by the sudden address and appearance of Guy Fawkes, Lord Mount-eagle instantly sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, put himself into a posture of defence.

“ You have betrayed me,” he cried, seizing Tresham with his left hand ; “ but if I fall, you shall fall with me.”

“ You have betrayed yourself, my lord,” rejoined Guy Fawkes ; “ or rather, Heaven has placed you in our hands as an instrument for the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe. You must take an oath of secrecy — a binding oath, — such as, being a good Catholic, you cannot break, — not to divulge what has come to your knowledge.

Nay, you must join me and my confederates, or you quit not this spot with life."

"I refuse your terms," replied Mounteagle, resolutely, "I will never conspire against the monarch to whom I have sworn allegiance. I will not join you. I will not aid you in procuring Viviana Radcliffe's release. Nor will I take the oath you propose. On the contrary, I arrest you as a traitor, and I command you, Tresham, in the King's name, to assist me in his capture."

But suddenly extricating himself from the grasp imposed upon him, and placing Guy Fawkes between him and the Earl, Tresham rejoined, —

"It is time to throw off the mask, my good lord and brother. I can render you no assistance. I am sworn to this league, and must support it. Unless you assent to the conditions proposed,—and which for your own sake I would counsel you to do, — I must, despite our near relationship, take part against you, — even," he added, significantly, "if your destruction should be resolved upon."

“ I will sell my life dearly, as you shall find,” replied Mounteagle. “ And, but for the sake of my dear lady, your sister, I would stab you where you stand.”

“ Your lordship will find resistance in vain,” replied Guy Fawkes, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon him. “ We seek not your life, but your co-operation. You are a prisoner.”

“ A prisoner ! ” echoed Mounteagle, derisively. “ You have not secured me yet.”

And as he spoke, he rushed towards the door, but his departure was checked by Bates, who presented himself at the entrance of the passage with a drawn sword in his hand. At the same moment, Catesby and Keyes issued from the closet, while Garnet and the other conspirators likewise emerged from their hiding-places. Hearing the noise behind him, Lord Mounteagle turned, and beholding the group, uttered an exclamation of surprise and rage.

“ I am fairly entrapped,” he said, sheathing his sword, and advancing towards them. “ Fool that I was, to venture hither ! ”

“ These regrets are too late, my lord,” replied

Catesby. "You came hither of your own accord. But being here, nothing, except compliance with our demands, can ensure your departure."

"Yes, one thing else," thought Mounteagle, — "cunning. It shall go hard if I cannot outwit you. Tresham will act with me. I know his treacherous nature too well to doubt which way he will incline. Interest, as well as relationship, binds him to me. He will acquaint me with their plans. I need not, therefore, compromise myself by joining them. If I take the oath of secrecy, it will suffice — and I will find means of eluding the obligation. I may thus make my own bargain with Salisbury. But I must proceed cautiously. Too sudden a compliance might awaken their suspicions."

"My lord," said Catesby, who had watched his countenance narrowly, and distrusted its expression, "we must have no double-dealing. Any attempt to play us false will prove fatal to you."

"I have not yet consented to your terms, Mr. Catesby," replied Mounteagle, "and I demand a few moments' reflection before I do so."

“What say you, gentlemen?” said Catesby.

“Do you agree to his lordship’s request?”

There was a general answer in the affirmative.

“I would also confer for a moment alone with my brother Tresham,” said Mouteagle.

“That cannot be, my lord,” rejoined Garnet peremptorily. “And take heed you meditate no treachery towards us, or you will destroy yourself here and hereafter.”

“I have no desire to speak with him, father,” observed Tresham. “Let him declare what he has to say before you all.”

Mouteagle looked hard at him, but he made no remark.

“In my opinion, we ought not to trust him,” observed Keyes. “It is plain he is decidedly opposed to us. And if the oath is proposed to him, he may take it with some mental reservation.”

“I will guard against that,” replied Garnet.

“If I take the oath, I will keep it, father,” rejoined Mouteagle. “But I have not yet decided.”

“ You must do so, then, quickly, my lord,” returned Catesby. “ You shall have five minutes for reflection. But first, you must deliver up your sword.”

The Earl started.

“ We mean *you* no treachery, my lord,” observed Keyes, “ and expect to be dealt with with equal fairness.”

Surrendering his sword to Catesby, Mounteagle then walked to the farther end of the room, and leaning against the wall, with his back to the conspirators, appeared buried in thought.

“ Take Tresham aside,” whispered Catesby to Wright. “ I do not wish him to overhear our conference. Watch him narrowly, and see that no signal passes between him and Lord Mounteagle.”

Wright obeyed ; and the others gathering closely together, began to converse in a low tone.

“ It will not do to put him to death,” observed Garnet. “ From what he stated to Tresham, it appears that his servant was aware of his coming hither. If he disappears, therefore, search will be immediately made, and all will be discovered. We must either instantly secure

ourselves by flight, and give up the enterprise, or trust him."

"You are right, father," replied Rookwood. "The danger is imminent."

"We are safe at present," observed Percy, "and may escape to France or Flanders before information can be given against us. Nay, we may carry off Mounteagle with us, for that matter. But I am loth to trust him."

"So am I," rejoined Catesby. "I do not like his looks."

"There is no help," said Fawkes. "We *must* trust him, or give up the enterprise. He may materially aid us, and has himself asserted that he can procure Viviana's liberation from the Tower."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Catesby, impatiently. "What has that to do with the all-important question we are now considering?"

"Much," returned Fawkes. "And I will not move further in the matter unless that point is insisted on."

"You have become strangely interested in Viviana of late," observed Catesby, sarcastically.

“ Could I suspect you of so light a passion, I should say you loved her.”

A deep flush dyed Fawkes's swarthy cheeks, but he answered in a voice of constrained calmness,

“ I *do* love her,—as a daughter.”

“ Humph !” exclaimed the other, drily.

“ Catesby,” rejoined Fawkes, sternly, “ you know me well — too well, to suppose I would resort to any paltry subterfuge. I am willing to let what you have said pass. But I counsel you not to jest thus in future.”

“ Jest !” exclaimed Catesby. “ I was never more serious in my life.”

“ Then you do me wrong,” retorted Fawkes, fiercely ; “ and you will repeat the insinuation at your peril.”

“ My sons — my sons,” interposed Garnet, “ what means this sudden — this needless quarrel, at a moment when we require the utmost calmness to meet the danger that assails us ? Guy Fawkes is right. *Viviana must be saved.* If we desert her, our cause will never prosper. But let us proceed step by step, and first decide

upon what is to be done with Lord Mounteagle."

"I am filled with perplexity," replied Catesby.

"Then I will decide for you," replied Percy.

"Our project must be abandoned."

"Never," replied Fawkes, energetically.

"Fly, and secure your own safety. I will stay and accomplish it alone."

"A brave resolution!" exclaimed Catesby, tendering him his hand, which the other cordially grasped. "I will stand by you to the last. No—we have advanced too far to retreat."

"Additional caution will be needful," observed Keyes. "Can we not make it a condition with Lord Mounteagle to retire, till the blow is struck, to his mansion at Hoxton?"

"That would be of no avail," replied Garnet.

"We must trust him wholly, or not at all."

"There I agree with you, father," said Percy.

"Let us propose the oath of secrecy to him, and detain him here until we have found some secure retreat, utterly unknown to him, or to Tresham, whence we can correspond with our friends.

A few days will show whether he has betrayed us or not. We need not visit this place again till the moment for action arrives."

"You need not visit it again at all," rejoined Fawkes. "Everything is prepared, and I will undertake to fire the train. Prepare for what is to follow the explosion, and leave the management of that to me."

"I cannot consent to such a course, my son," said Garnet. "The whole risk will thus be yours."

"The whole glory will be mine, also, father," rejoined Fawkes, enthusiastically. "I pray you, let me have my own way."

"Well, be it as you will, my son," returned Garnet, with affected reluctance. "I will not oppose the hand of Heaven, which clearly points you out as the chief agent in this mighty enterprise. In reference to what Percy has said about a retreat till Lord Mounteagle's trust-worthiness can be ascertained," he added to Catesby, "I have just bethought me of a large retired house on the borders of Enfield Chace, called White Webbs. It has been recently taken by Mrs.

Brooksby, and her sister, Anne Vaux, and will afford us a safe asylum."

"An excellent plan, father," cried Catesby. "Since Guy Fawkes is willing to undertake the risk, we will leave Lord Mounteagle in his charge, and go there at once."

"What must be done with Tresham?" asked Percy. "We cannot take him with us, nor must he know of our retreat."

"Leave him with me," said Fawkes.

"You will be at a disadvantage," observed Catesby, "should he take part, as there is reason to fear he may do, with Lord Mounteagle."

"They are both unarmed," returned Fawkes; "but were it otherwise, I would answer with my head for their detention."

"All good saints guard you, my son!" exclaimed Garnet. "Henceforth, we resign the custody of the powder to you."

"It will be in safe keeping," replied Fawkes.

The party then advanced towards Lord Mounteagle, who, hearing their approach, instantly faced them.

“Your decision, my lord?” demanded Catesby.

“You shall have it in a word, sir,” replied Mounteagle, firmly. “I will *not* join you, but I will take the required oath of secrecy.”

“Is this your final resolve, my lord?” rejoined Catesby.

“It is,” replied the Earl.

“It must content us,” observed Garnet; “though we hoped you would have lent your active services to further a cause, having for its sole object the restoration of the church to which you belong.”

“I know not the means whereby you propose to restore it, father,” replied Mounteagle, “and I do not desire to know them. But I guess that they are dark and bloody, and as such I can take no part in them.”

“And you refuse to give us any counsel or assistance?” pursued Garnet.

“I will not betray you,” replied Mounteagle. “I can say nothing further.”

“I would rather he promised too little, than

too much," whispered Catesby to Garnet. "I begin to think him sincere."

"I am of the same opinion, my son," returned Garnet.

"One thing you *shall* do, before *I* consent to set you free, on any terms, my lord," observed Guy Fawkes. "You shall engage to procure the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe from the Tower. You told Tresham you could easily accomplish it."

"I scarcely knew what I said," replied Mounteagle, with a look of embarrassment.

"You spoke confidently, my lord," rejoined Fawkes.

"Because I had no idea I should be compelled to make good my words," returned the Earl. "But as a Catholic, and related by marriage to Tresham, who is a suspected person, any active exertions in her behalf on my part might place me in jeopardy."

"This excuse shall not avail you, my lord," replied Fawkes. "You must weigh your own safety against hers. You stir not hence till you have sworn to free her."

“ I must perforce assent, since you will have no refusal,” replied Mounteagle. “ But I almost despair of success. If I *can* effect her deliverance, I swear to do so.”

“ Enough,” replied Fawkes.

“ And now, gentlemen,” said Catesby, appealing to the others, “ are you willing to let Lord Mounteagle depart upon the proposed terms ? ”

“ We are,” they replied.

“ I will administer the oath at once,” said Garnet ; “ and you will bear in mind, my son,” he added, in a stern tone to the Earl, “ that it will be one which cannot be violated without perdition to your soul.”

“ I am willing to take it,” replied Mounteagle.

Producing a primer, and motioning the Earl to kneel before him, Garnet then proposed an oath of the most solemn and binding description. The other repeated it after him, and at its conclusion placed the book to his lips.

“ Are you satisfied ? ” he asked, rising.

“ I am,” replied Garnet.

“ And so am I,” thought Tresham, who stood in the rear, “ — that he will perjure himself.”

“Am I now at liberty to depart?” inquired the Earl.

“Not yet, my lord,” replied Catesby. “You must remain here till midnight.”

Lord Mounteagle looked uneasy, but seeing remonstrance would be useless, he preserved a sullen silence.

“You need have no fear, my lord,” said Catesby. “But we must take such precautions as will ensure our safety, in case you intend us any treachery.”

“You cannot doubt me, sir, after the oath I have taken,” replied Mounteagle, haughtily. “But since you constitute yourself my jailer, I must abide your pleasure.”

“If I *am* your jailer, my lord,” rejoined Catesby, “I will prove to you that I am not neglectful of my office. Will it please you to follow me?”

The Earl bowed in acquiescence; and Catesby marching before him to a small room, the windows of which were carefully barred, pointed to a chair, and instantly retiring, locked the door upon him. He then returned to the others, and

taking Guy Fawkes aside, observed in a low tone,

“ We shall set out instantly for White Webbs. You will remain on guard with Tresham, whom you will, of course, keep in ignorance of our proceedings. After you have set the Earl at liberty, you can follow us if you choose. But take heed you are not observed.”

“ Fear nothing,” replied Fawkes.

Soon after this, Catesby, and the rest of the conspirators, with the exception of Guy Fawkes and Tresham, quitted the room, and the former concluded they were about to leave the house. He made no remark, however, to his companion, but getting between him and the door, folded his arms upon his breast, and continued to pace backwards and forwards before it.

“ Am I a prisoner, as well as Lord Mount-eagle ? ” asked Tresham, after a pause.

“ You must remain with me here till midnight,” replied Fawkes. “ We shall not be disturbed.”

“ What ! are the others gone ? ” cried Tresham.

“They are,” was the reply.

Tresham’s countenance fell, and he appeared to be meditating some project, which he could not muster courage to execute.

“Be warned by the past, Tresham,” said Fawkes, who had regarded him fixedly for some minutes. “If I find reason to doubt you, I will put it out of your power to betray us a second time.”

“You have no reason to doubt me,” replied Tresham, with apparent candour. “I only wondered that our friends should leave me without any intimation of their purpose. It is for me, not you, to apprehend some ill design. Am I not to act with you further?”

“That depends upon yourself, and on the proofs you give of your sincerity,” replied Fawkes. “Answer me frankly. Do you think Lord Mounteagle will keep his oath?”

“I will stake my life upon it,” replied Tresham.

The conversation then dropped, and no attempt was made on either side to renew it. In this way several hours passed, when at length

the silence was broken by Tresham, who requested permission to go in search of some refreshment; and Guy Fawkes assenting, they descended to the lower room, and partook of a slight repast.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred. On the arrival of the appointed hour, Guy Fawkes signified to his companion that he might liberate Lord Mounteagle; and immediately availing himself of the permission, Tresham repaired to the chamber, and threw open the door. The Earl immediately came forth, and they returned together to the room in which Guy Fawkes remained on guard.

“You are now at liberty to depart, my lord,” said the latter; “and Tresham can accompany you if he thinks proper. Remember that you have sworn to procure Viviana’s liberation.”

“I do,” replied the Earl.

And he then quitted the house with Tresham.

“You have had a narrow escape, my lord,” remarked the latter as they approached Whitehall, and paused for a moment under the postern of the great western gate.

“True,” replied the Earl; “but I do not regret the risk I have run. They are now wholly in my power.”

“You forget your oath, my lord,” said Tresham.

“If I do,” replied the Earl, “I but follow your example. You have broken one equally solemn, equally binding, and would break a thousand more were they imposed upon you. But I will overthrow this conspiracy, and yet not violate mine.”

“I see not how that can be, my lord,” replied Tresham.

“You shall learn in due season,” replied the Earl. “I have had plenty of leisure for reflection in that dark hole, and have hit upon a plan which, I think, cannot fail.”

“I hope I am no party to it, my lord,” rejoined Tresham. “I dare not hazard myself among them further.”

“I cannot do without you,” replied Mounteagle; “but I will ensure you against all danger. It will be necessary for you, however, to act with the utmost discretion, and keep a con-

stant guard upon every look and movement, as well as upon your words. You must fully regain the confidence of these men, and lull them into security."

"I see your lordship's drift," replied Tresham. "You wish them to proceed to the last point, to enhance the value of the discovery."

"Right," replied the Earl. "The plot must not be discovered till just before its outbreak, when its magnitude and danger will be the more apparent. The reward will then be proportionate. Now, you understand me, Tresham."

"Fully," replied the other.

"Return to your own house," rejoined Mounteagle. "We need hold no further communication together till the time for action arrives."

"And that will not be before the meeting of Parliament," replied Tresham; "for they intend to overwhelm the King and all his nobles in one common destruction."

"By Heaven! a brave design!" cried Mounteagle. "It is a pity to mar it. I knew it

was a desperate and daring project, but should never have conceived aught like this. Its discovery will indeed occasion universal consternation."

"It may benefit you and me to divulge it, my lord," said Tresham; "but the disclosure will deeply and lastingly injure the Church of Rome."

"It would injure it more deeply if the plot succeeded," replied Mounteagle, "because all loyal Catholics must disapprove so horrible and sanguinary a design. But we will not discuss the question further, though what you have said confirms my purpose, and removes any misgiving I might have felt as to the betrayal. Farewell, Tresham. Keek a watchful eye upon the conspirators, and communicate with me should any change take place in their plans. We may not meet for some time. Parliament, though summoned for the third of October, will, in all probability, be prorogued till November."

"In that case," replied Tresham, "you will postpone your disclosure likewise till November?"

“Assuredly,” replied Mounteagle. “The King must be convinced of his danger. If it were found out now, he would think lightly of it. But if he has actually set foot upon the mine which a single spark might kindle to his destruction, he will duly appreciate the service rendered him. Farewell! and do not neglect my counsel.”

CHAPTER X.

WHITE WEBBS.

TARRYING for a short time within the house after the departure of the others, Guy Fawkes lighted a lantern, and concealing it beneath his cloak, proceeded to the cellar, to ascertain that the magazine of powder was safe. Satisfied of this, he made all secure, and was about to return to the house, when he perceived a figure approaching him. Standing aside, but keeping on his guard for fear of a surprise, he would have allowed the person to pass, but the other halted, and after a moment's scrutiny addressed him by name in the tones of Humphrey Chetham.

“ You seem to haunt this spot, young sir,” said Fawkes, in answer to the address. “ This is the third time we have met hereabouts.”

“ On the last occasion,” replied Chetham, “ I told you Viviana was a prisoner in the Tower. I have now better news for you. She is free.”

“ Free !” exclaimed Fawkes, joyfully. “ By Lord Mounteagle’s instrumentality ?—But I forget. He has only just left me.”

“ She has been freed by *my* instrumentality,” replied the young merchant. “ She escaped from the Tower a few hours ago.”

“ Where is she ?” demanded Guy Fawkes, eagerly.

“ In a boat at the stairs near the Parliament House,” replied Chetham.

“ Heaven and Our Lady be praised !” exclaimed Fawkes. “ This is more than I hoped for. Your news is so good, young sir, that I can scarce credit it.”

“ Come with me to the boat, and you shall soon be satisfied of the truth of my statement,” rejoined Chetham.

And followed by Guy Fawkes, he hurried to the river side, where a wherry was moored. Within it sat Viviana, covered by the tilt.

Assisting her to land, and finding she was too

much exhausted to walk, Guy Fawkes took her in his arms, and carried her to the house he had just quitted.

Humphrey Chetham followed as soon as he had dismissed the waterman. Placing his lovely burthen in a seat, Guy Fawkes instantly went in search of such restoratives as the place afforded. Viviana was extremely faint, but after she had swallowed a glass of wine, she revived, and, looking around her, inquired where she was.

“Do not ask,” replied Fawkes; “let it suffice you are in safety. And now,” he added, “perhaps, Humphrey Chetham will inform me in what manner he contrived your escape. I am impatient to know.”

The young merchant then gave the required information, and Viviana added such particulars as were necessary to the full understanding of the story. Guy Fawkes could scarcely control himself when she related the tortures she had endured, nor was Chetham less indignant.

“You rescued me just in time,” said Viviana. “I should have sunk under the next application.”

“ Thank Heaven ! you have escaped it,” exclaimed Fawkes. “ You owe much to Humphrey Chetham, Viviana.”

“ I do, indeed,” she replied.

“ And can you not requite it ?” he returned. “ Can you not make him happy ?—Can you not make *me* happy ?”

Viviana’s pale cheek was instantly suffused with blushes, but she made no answer.

“ Oh, Viviana !” cried Humphrey Chetham, “ you hear what is said. If you could doubt my love before, you must be convinced of it now. A hope will make me happy. Have I that ?”

“ Alas ! no,” she answered. “ It would be the height of cruelty, after your kindness, to deceive you. You have not.”

The young merchant turned aside to hide his emotion.

“ Not even a hope !” exclaimed Guy Fawkes, “ after what he has done. Viviana, I cannot understand you. Does gratitude form no part of your nature ?”

“ I hope so,” she replied, “ nay, I am sure so,—for I feel the deepest gratitude towards

Humphrey Chetham. But gratitude is not love, and must not be mistaken for it."

"I understand the distinction too well," returned the young merchant, sadly.

"It is more than I do," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "and I will frankly confess that I think the important services Humphrey Chetham has rendered you entitle him to your hand. It is seldom—whatever poets may feign,—that love is so strongly proved as his has been; and it ought to be adequately requited."

"Say no more about it, I entreat," interposed Chetham.

"But I will deliver my opinion," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "because I am sure what I advise is for Viviana's happiness. No one can love her better than you. No one is more worthy of her. Nor is there any one to whom I so much desire to see her united."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Viviana. "This is worse than the torture."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Fawkes, in astonishment.

“ She means,” interposed Chetham, “ that this is not the fitting season to urge the subject — that she will never marry.”

“ True — true,” replied Viviana. “ If I ever did marry—I *ought* to select you.”

“ You ought,” replied Fawkes. “ And I know nothing of the female heart, if it can be insensible to youth, devotion, and manly appearance like that of Humphrey Chetham.”

“ You *do* know nothing of it,” rejoined Chetham, bitterly. “ Women’s fancies are unaccountable.”

“ Such is the received opinion,” replied Fawkes; “ but as I am ignorant of the sex, I can only judge from report. You are the person I should imagine she would love — nay, to be frank, whom I thought she *did* love.”

“ No more,” said Humphrey Chetham. “ It is painful both to Viviana and to me.”

“ This is not a time for delicacy,” rejoined Guy Fawkes. “ Viviana has given me the privilege of a father with her. And where her happiness is so much concerned as in the present case,

I should imperfectly discharge my duty if I did not speak out. It would sincerely rejoice me, and I am sure contribute materially to her own happiness, if she would unite herself to you."

"I cannot—I cannot," she rejoined. "I will never marry."

"You hear what she says," remarked Chetham. "Do not urge the matter further."

"I admire maiden delicacy and reserve," replied Fawkes; "but when a man has acted as you have done, he deserves to be treated with frankness. I am sure Viviana loves you. Let her tell you so."

"You are mistaken," replied Chetham; "and it is time you should be undeceived. She loves another."

"Is this so?" cried Fawkes in astonishment. She made no answer.

"Whom do you love?" he asked.

Still, no answer.

"I will tell you whom she loves—and let her contradict me if I am wrong," said Chetham.

“ Oh, no ! — no ! — in pity spare me ! ” cried Viviana.

“ Speak ! ” — thundered Fawkes. “ Who is it ? ”

“ Yourself,” replied Chetham.

“ What ! ” exclaimed Fawkes, recoiling, — “ love *me* ! I will not believe it. She loves me as a father — but nothing more — nothing more. But you were right. Let us change the subject. A more fitting season may arrive for its discussion.”

After some further conversation, it was agreed that Viviana should be taken to White Webbs ; and leaving her in charge of Humphrey Chetham, Guy Fawkes went in search of a conveyance to Enfield.

Traversing the Strand, — every hostel in which was closed, — he turned up Wych Street, immediately on the right of which there was a large inn (still in existence), and entering the yard, discovered a knot of carriers moving about with lanterns in their hands. To his inquiries respecting a conveyance to Enfield, one of them answer-

ed, that he was about to return thither with his waggon at four o'clock, — it was then two, — and should be glad to take him and his friends. Overjoyed at the intelligence, and at once agreeing to the man's terms, Guy Fawkes hurried back to his companions, and, with the assistance of Humphrey Chetham, contrived to carry Viviana (for she was utterly unable to support herself) to the inn-yard, where she was immediately placed in the waggon, on a heap of fresh straw.

About an hour after this, but long before day-break, the carrier attached his horses to the waggon, and set out. Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham were seated near Viviana, but little was said during the journey, which occupied about three hours. By this time it was broad daylight; and as the carrier stopped at the door of a small inn, Guy Fawkes alighted, and inquired the distance to White Webbs.

“ It is about a mile and a half off,” replied the man. “ If you pursue that lane, it will bring you to a small village about half a mile from this, where you are sure to find some one who will

gladly guide you to the house, which is a little out of the road, on the borders of the forest."

He then assisted Viviana to alight, and Humphrey Chetham descending at the same time, the party took the road indicated, — a winding country lane with high hedges, broken by beautiful timber,—and proceeding at a slow pace, they arrived in about half an hour at a little cluster of cottages, which Guy Fawkes guessed to be the village alluded to by the carrier. As they approached it, a rustic leaped a hedge, and was about to cross to another field, when Guy Fawkes calling to him, inquired the way to White Webbs.

"I am going in that direction," replied the man. "If you desire it, I will show you the road."

"I shall feel much indebted to you, friend," returned Fawkes, "and will reward you for your trouble."

"I want no reward," returned the countryman, trudging forward.

Following their guide, after a few minutes' brisk walking they reached the borders of the forest, and took their way along a patch of green sward that skirted it. In some places their track was impeded by gigantic thorns and brushwood, while at others avenues opened upon them, affording them peeps into the heart of the wood. It was a beautiful sylvan scene. And as at length they arrived at the head of a long glade, at the farther end of which a herd of deer were seen, with their branching antlers mingling with the overhanging boughs, Viviana could not help pausing to admire it.

"King James often hunts within the forest," observed the countryman. "Indeed, I heard one of the rangers say it was not unlikely he might be here to-day. He is at Theobald's Palace now."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fawkes. "Let us proceed. We lose time. Are we far from the house?"

"Not above a quarter of a mile," was the answer. "You will see it at the next turn of the road."

As the countryman had intimated, they speedily perceived the roof and tall chimneys of an ancient house above the trees, and as it was now impossible to mistake the road, Guy Fawkes thanked their guide for his trouble, and would have rewarded him, but he refused the gratuity, and leaping a hedge, disappeared.

Pursuing the road, they shortly afterwards arrived at a gate leading to the house,—a large building, erected probably at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign,—and entering it, they passed under an avenue of trees. On approaching the mansion, they observed that many of the windows were closed, and the whole appearance of the place was melancholy and deserted. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and the door looked as if it was rarely opened.

Not discouraged by these appearances, but rather satisfied by them of the security of the asylum, Guy Fawkes proceeded to the back of the house, and entering a court, the flags and stones of which were covered with moss, while the interstices were filled with long grass, Guy

Fawkes knocked against a small door, and, after repeating the summons, it was answered by an old woman-servant, who popped her head out of an upper window, and demanded his business.

Guy Fawkes was about to inquire for Mrs. Brooksby, when another head, which proved to be that of Catesby, appeared at the window. On seeing Fawkes and his companions, Catesby instantly descended, and unfastened the door. The house proved far more comfortable within than its exterior promised; and the old female domestic having taken word to Anne Vaux that Viviana was below, the former lady, who had not yet risen, sent for her to her chamber, and provided everything for her comfort.

Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham, neither of whom had rested during the night, were glad to obtain a few hours' repose on the floor of the first room into which they were shown, and they were not disturbed until the day had considerably advanced, when Catesby thought fit to rouse them from their slumbers.

Explanations were then given on both sides. Chetham detailed the manner of Viviana's escape from the Tower, and Catesby in his turn acquainted them that Father Oldcorne was in the house, having found his way thither after his escape from the dwelling at Lambeth. Guy Fawkes was greatly rejoiced at the intelligence, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of meeting with the priest. At noon, the whole party assembled, with the exception of Viviana, who by the advice of Anne Vaux kept her chamber, to recruit herself after the sufferings she had undergone.

Humphrey Chetham, of whom no suspicions were now entertained, and of whom Catesby no longer felt any jealousy, was invited to stay in the house ; and he was easily induced to pass his time near Viviana, although he might not be able to see her. Long and frequent consultations were held by the conspirators, and letters were despatched by Catesby to the elder Winter at his seat, Huddington in Worcestershire, entreating him to make every preparation for the

crisis, as well as to Sir Everard Digby, to desire him to assemble as many friends as he could muster against the meeting of Parliament, at Dunchurch in Warwickshire, under the plea of a grand hunting-party.

Arrangements were next made as to the steps to be taken by the different parties after the explosion. Catesby undertook with a sufficient force to seize the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James the First, who was then at the residence of the Earl of Harrington, near Coventry, and to proclaim her queen, in case the others should fail in securing the princes. It was supposed that Henry, Prince of Wales, (who, it need scarcely be mentioned, died in his youth,) would be present with the King, his father, in the Parliament House, and would perish with him ; and in this case, as Charles, Duke of York, (afterwards Charles the First,) would become successor to the throne, it was resolved that he should be seized by Percy, and instantly proclaimed. Other resolutions were decided upon, and the whole time of

the conspirators was spent in maturing their projects.

And thus, weeks and even months stole on. Viviana had completely regained her strength, and passed a life of perfect seclusion ; seldom, if ever mixing with the others. She, however, took a kindly farewell of Humphrey Chetham before his departure for Manchester (for which place he set out about a fortnight after his arrival at White Webbs, having first sought out his servant, Martin Heydocks) ; but, though strongly urged by Guy Fawkes, she would hold out no hopes of a change in her sentiments towards the young merchant. Meetings were occasionally held by the conspirators elsewhere, and Catesby and Fawkes had more than one interview with Tresham—but never, except in places where they were secure from a surprise.

The latter end of September had now arrived, and the meeting of Parliament was still fixed for the third of October. On the last day of the month, Guy Fawkes prepared to start for town, but before doing so he desired to see Viviana. They had not met for some weeks ; nor indeed,

since Fawkes had discovered the secret of her heart, (and perhaps of his own,) had they ever met with the same freedom as heretofore. As she entered the room in which he awaited her coming, a tremor agitated his frame, but he had nerved himself for the interview, and speedily subdued the feeling.

“ I am starting for London, Viviana,” he said, in a voice of forced calmness. “ You may guess for what purpose. But, as I may never behold you again, I would not part with you without a confession of my weakness. I will not deny that what Humphrey Chetham stated, and which you have never contradicted,—namely, that you loved me, for I must speak out,—has produced a strong effect upon me. I have endeavoured to conquer it, but it will return. Till I knew you I never loved, Viviana.”

“ Indeed ! ” she exclaimed.

“ Never,” he replied. “ The fairest had not power to move me. But I grieve to say,—notwithstanding my struggles,—I do not continue equally insensible.”

“ Ah ! ” she ejaculated, becoming as pale as death.

“ Why should I hesitate to declare my feelings ? Why should I not tell you that—though blinded to it so long—I have discovered that I do love you ? Why should I hesitate to tell you that I regret this, and lament that we ever met ? ”

“ What mean you ? ” cried Viviana, with a terrified look.

“ I will tell you,” replied Fawkes. “ Till I saw you, my thoughts were removed from earth, and fixed on one object. Till I saw you, I asked not to live, but to die the death of a martyr.”

“ Die so still,” rejoined Viviana. “ Forget me — oh ! forget me.”

“ I cannot,” replied Fawkes. “ I have striven against it. But your image is perpetually before me. Nay, at this very moment, when I am about to set out on the enterprise, you alone detain me.”

“ I am glad of it ! ” exclaimed Viviana, fer-

vently. "Oh that I could prevent you — could save you!"

"Save me!" echoed Fawkes, bitterly. "You destroy me."

"How?" she asked.

"Because I am sworn to this project," he rejoined; "and if I were turned from it, I would perish by my own hand."

"Oh! say not so," replied Viviana, "but listen to me. Abandon it, and I will devote myself to you."

Guy Fawkes gazed at her for a moment passionately, and then, covering his face with his hands, appeared torn by conflicting emotions.

Viviana approached him, and, pressing his arm, asked in an entreating voice, "Are you still determined to pursue your dreadful project?"

"I am," replied Fawkes, uncovering his face, and gazing at her; "but, if I remain here a moment longer, I shall not be able to do so."

"I will detain you, then," she rejoined, "and exercise the power I possess over you for your benefit."

“No !” he replied, vehemently. “It must not be. Farewell, for ever !”

And breaking from her, he rushed out of the room.

As he gained the passage, he encountered Catesby, who looked abashed at seeing him.

“I have overheard what has passed,” said the latter, “and applaud your resolution. Few men, similarly circumstanced, would have acted as you have done.”

“*You* would not,” said Fawkes, coldly.

“Perhaps not,” rejoined Catesby. “But that does not lessen my admiration of your conduct.”

“I am devoted to one object,” replied Fawkes, “and nothing shall turn me from it.”

“Remove yourself instantly from temptation, then,” replied Catesby. “I will meet you at the cellar beneath the Parliament House to-morrow night.”

With this, he accompanied Guy Fawkes to the door ; and the latter, without hazarding a



look behind him, set out for London, where he arrived at nightfall.

On the following night, Fawkes examined the cellar, and found it in all respects as he had left it; and, apprehensive lest some difficulty might arise, he resolved to make every preparation. He, accordingly, pierced the sides of several of the barrels piled against the walls with a gimlet, and inserted in the holes small pieces of slow-burning match. Not content with this, he staved in the tops of the uppermost tier, and scattered powder among them to secure their instantaneous ignition.

This done, he took a powder-horn, with which he was provided, and kneeling down, and holding his lantern so as to throw a light upon the floor, laid a train to one of the lower barrels, and brought it within a few inches of the door, intending to fire it from that point. His arrangements completed, he arose, and muttered,

“ A vessel is provided for my escape in the river, and my companions advise me to use a slow match, which will allow me to get out of

harm's way. But I will see the deed done, and if the train fails, will hold a torch to the barrels myself."

At this juncture, a slight tap was heard without.

Guy Fawkes instantly masked his lantern, and cautiously opening the door, beheld Catesby.

"I am come to tell you that Parliament is prorogued," said the latter. "The House does not meet till the fifth of November. We have another month to wait."

"I am sorry for it," rejoined Fawkes. "I have just laid the train. The lucky moment will pass."

And, locking the door, he proceeded with Catesby to the adjoining house.

They had scarcely been gone more than a second, when two figures muffled in cloaks emerged from behind a wall.

"The train is laid," observed the foremost, "and they are gone to the house. You might seize them now without danger."

“ That will not answer my purpose,” replied the other. “ I will give them another month.”

“ Another month ! ” replied the first speaker. “ Who knows what may happen in that time ? They may abandon their project.”

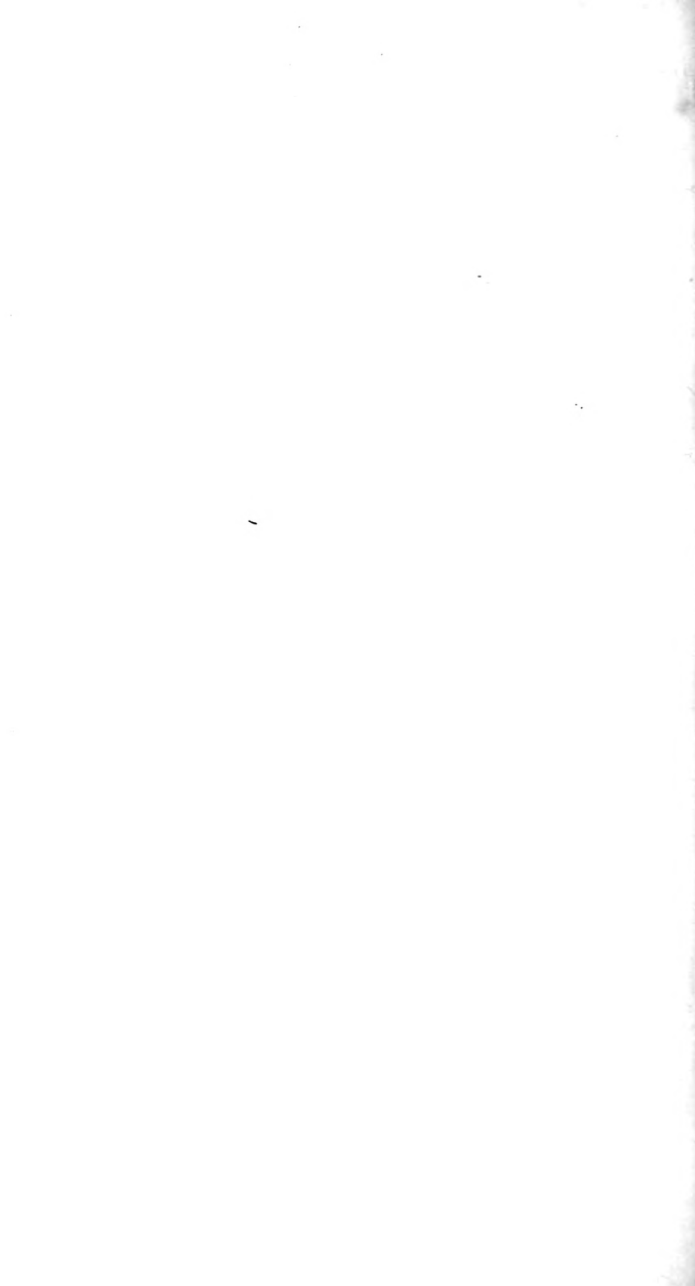
“ There is no fear of that,” replied the other. “ But you had better go and join them.”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.











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